

Becoming the Butterfly
An Imagining of How Things Could Unfold

By Prahas

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Acknowledgements

Daniel Schmachtenberger is one of my heroes. The ways in which he thinks and makes connections and uses language is brilliant beyond description. If you do not know of him, get thee to YouTube post-haste! (Begin with "The War on Sensemaking.") He has done an extraordinary job of detailing the challenges facing humanity at this time.

When asked, "Well, what do we do about it?" I've heard him give several detailed responses. But in general, one thing I heard him say really stuck with me. In my words, he said something to the effect of, yes, the set of problems which face us seem overwhelming. But -- nature offers us several examples of overnight phase changes. For example, at 99 degrees Celsius, water is still water. But at 100 degrees, boom, it becomes steam: a totally different thing at the macro level. Of course another example is the caterpillar transforming into the butterfly: hence the title of this book.

As a result of Schmachtenberger's sharings, I began to think about what such a phase change could look like on a global scale. Could I imagine a set of circumstances under which things would begin to shift? This book is my first attempt at such a conception.

Things may look bleak. We may want to cry out, "there is no hope for us all." But we do not know what time it is. We do not know if a chrysalis is being formed around humanity in this very moment. We do not know the temperature of the sum total of human thoughts and feelings and endeavors and behaviors and sensations. It might just well be 99.9 degrees.

Perhaps all it will take is a tiny bit more heat...

Notes from the author:

Many of the characters in the book are real people. It is important to note that I did very little research on these people. The vast majority of what is written about them is fiction. If you are in doubt, Google it!

I recognize that changing the industries mentioned in the book is a non-trivial, complex task. Proposals need to be blue teamed, red teamed, and yellow teamed (consult Schmachtenberger's work for definitions of these terms). The devil is in the details. I don't have the time nor energy to do good sensemaking on all of the issues I touch upon. I leave it to the experts to come together in good faith to chart a course. This novel is written in broad strokes, to help us imagine how the phase change can happen. It is intended to be an angelic blueprint.

This E-book was made available for free because I wanted to make it easy to download and also I wanted to reach as many people as possible. If you liked what you read, please make a donation to my PayPal account, using the email address prahas777 at gmail dot com. Thank you!

January 18th, 2024. Washington, D.C., USA

I can't live like that anymore.

Up at six am. To the local store for a coffee, ramen noodles and potato salad for the day. Then home and glued to my computer, doing puzzles and flying a flight simulator. All. Day. Long. At around four pm, energy gone, I lie in bed with my phone watching YouTube videos. Lights out at eight pm. Rinse and repeat.

It wasn't always like that. Once every three or four weeks not too long ago you could find an article on the front page of The Washington Post with the citation, "By Michael Goldman." I had contacts in every area of human endeavor. At the top of my game I really felt like I was making unusual connections in my head, sewing together pieces of the big picture, being an above-average journalist, and contributing to the highest good of society.

And then I stumbled upon a story so big, so unbelievable, and so threatening to the status quo that when I tried to write about it, my life all came tumbling down. I lost my job, the vast majority of my savings, my girlfriend, well, everything really. But more on that later.

When I was active as a journalist five or six years ago, there were challenges facing us as a society, as always. But I was engaged with people who valued integrity and who were working in good faith toward reasonable solutions to the issues which confronted us. Times were tough, but I felt like we had a fighting chance.

These days when I glance at the headlines all I feel is helplessness and overwhelm. I could list the threats to our well-being, but I don't think that's needed. Many of us know what ails us. In the tiny moments of clarity which come so rarely, I can see that what's needed for me is for this dark fog which surrounds my body-mind-Being to lift for movement to happen. The gooey black tar which infuses every cell of my body has to somehow, by the grace of godliness, be cleansed. The divine light of Existence needs to flow again through the mechanism named Mike Goldman, so that I can once again participate in the marvelous dance of Life. Come to think of it, perhaps the entire collective needs these things.

Each of these last statements needs to be unpacked, and a discussion of how a mainstream journalist can maintain such understandings is required, but all of this will have to wait. The phone was ringing - quite rare in this period of isolation.

"Hello?"

"Mike?"

"Yeah - who's this?"

"Amit Roshan. You don't recognize my voice?"

"Ah, Amit! It's been a while."

"Too long. Listen - I know this is coming out of the blue, but do you have time for a coffee later? Like at three pm?"

A coffee? No one has called me for six years, since I was black balled for touching that toxic story. Is it possible a wind is blowing in from the north, gently dissipating the afore-mentioned fog?

"Sure Amit."

"At the Starbucks on E Street."

"Near the Lincoln Memorial?"

"This is the one."

"See you at three."

After we ordered our drinks - his a grande iced coffee, mine a venti cinnamon caramel cream Nitro cold brew - we sat down at a corner table. Amit wasted no time on small talk.

"I have an extra ticket for the upcoming World Economic Forum in Davos, Switzerland, and I want you to come."

I stared at him blankly. After a long silence, he said, "Alright, this is getting weird. What do you say?"

"Why would I possibly want to go to Davos?"

"It's time for you to get back on the horse."

"Look, I know we were pals at the Post. But it's been six years. I'm totally out of the loop. I'm woefully un-informed about the issues. I don't know the current players. And frankly, my skills as an interviewer and writer have atrophied. I have very little energy from day to day. It doesn't make any sense."

"I know it's a jump start. I know I'm asking you to go from zero to one hundred in four point five seconds. But all the movers and shakers are going to be there. Several high ranking officials have hinted they are going to be making exciting announcements -- perhaps about new products or initiatives -- we don't know."

"Come on... it's gonna be the same old same old. Lots of blah blah, and then back to the same old greed-driven, game-theoretic, ultra-competitive bullshit. With no concern for the commons; for the environment; for sustainability; for best practices; for optimal health; for heartfelt action in the world."

"Wow, Mike, when did you start using all that New Age jargon?"

"I've had a lot of time on my hands, and guess what? There is a handful of thinkers out there (mostly on YouTube) who have put together an impressive intellectual framework for looking at and thinking about the world and the situation we are in. Taken together, compelling arguments are made."

There was a pause. Then Amit spoke.

"I didn't want to have to mention this part. It's going to sound crazy. To most people it does. Although you have a dose of woo woo in you...."

"Yeah, it's only grown over time."

"Well then I'll just say it. Last week I had a dream. I won't go into details - I'll just say it took place at Davos, and incredible things - positive things - unexpected things happened."

"A dream."

"Yes. But that's not all. After the dream I walked outside my house - it was three am - and I looked up and saw this shooting star streak across the sky. It was gorgeous. The next day I'm at

the water cooler at the Post, and I overhear two colleagues chatting. And one of them is talking about this wild dream they had, and...."

"Let me guess - they went outside and saw..."

"Yes! The shooting star! And the other woman says, 'Oh my god - I saw it too! And I never wake up in the middle of the night!' "

"A shooting star. A dream. And this is supposed to drag me out of my tattered gaming chair and onto a frigging airplane?"

"Yes!"

I paused. I closed my eyes for a moment, and remembered the fog and the tar and the wind and what's needed.

"Aw - what the fuck. Today is January 18th. When do we leave?"

"Outstanding! The conference starts on the 22nd."

And so began the most miraculous two weeks of my life.

January 21st. In an Airbus A330 aircraft.

Cruising at 35,000 feet, high over the Atlantic, I got to the front page of the science section of the New York Times. (I like to mix things up.) The lead article spoke of an unusual series of solar events: a strong M5 solar flare happened yesterday, followed by an even stronger X-level flare. The article also spoke of NOAA's prediction that more strong flares were expected over the next few days.

I recalled that the ability of solar flares to create radio blackouts is well known. And generally much of the emitted radiation is in the X-ray and ultraviolet band of the EMF spectrum. But the last paragraph of the article caught my eye. It said that scientists were detecting an unusually high level of extremely low frequency radiation in the flares. The significance of this fact didn't hit me in the moment -- but for some reason the detail stuck in my mind.

After reading the rest of the paper, I started to feel tired. It had been a long time since I did anything besides sitting at my computer at home, doing puzzles or flying my sim. I ordered a Jack and Ginger, downed it in two gulps, put on my blindfold and ear plugs, and slept for the rest of the flight.

January 21st. End of day.

Arrival at Zurich Airport and transport to Davos went without a hitch. As I was standing in line at the AlpenGold Hotel waiting to check in, I looked across the lobby and noticed a woman I thought I recognized. Of course being in Davos during the World Economic Forum (WEF) I expected to see people who I knew, either personally or through the media. But there was something, um, juicy about the memories associated with that face, that body. I gazed at the woman, trying to place her. And then, with a flush of red on my face, I got the name: Kayden Kross. I'm only a bit ashamed to admit that I have watched some porn on and off over the years. And Kayden Kross is well known in the field. I wonder what she is doing here?

January 18th. Kayden Kross' editing studio.

"Oooh. Agh... Ooooh. Yeah, just like that."

It was late in the evening and Kayden Kross, the famous American porn actress and director, was engrossed in editing a particularly graphic scene she had recently shot. The dimly lit editing bay, filled with the sounds of moans and sighs, suddenly felt suffocating to her. As she had seen so many times before (and had experienced herself), the sounds the actress was making did not synchronize with the micro-expressions on her face. The truth was, her somewhat dry pussy was getting pounded, and it hurt like hell.

Kayden was no newcomer to the porn scene. She was a member of the Adult Video News (AVN) Hall of Fame, and she won Director of the Year in 2020 and 2021 at the AVN Awards. She also starred in hundreds of hard core films as an actress.

And while she had had this feeling many times before, sitting there watching the raw footage of the scene she had just directed, with a close friend of hers in pain (again), she couldn't shake the sense that there must be more to her passion for filmmaking and sex and sensuality than just producing bullshit content.

Kayden paused the video, and in her mind returned to her dreams of creating something more meaningful. She yearned to explore the deeper connections between sensuality, love, and spirituality, both in her own life, and on film. In that moment she decided she could wait no longer. She shut down the video editing software, pulled up an Internet browser, and found this: Top 12 Neo And Classical Tantra Schools And Retreats In The World. Number two caught her eye: Neo-Tantra with Astiko. Part of the description read as follows:

"During this three-day retreat, one of the most authentic, loving and experienced masters of Neo Tantra in the world helps you become aware of the flow of vital energy through your body. You are encouraged to inhabit the emotional and physical bodies to release the tensions and wounds stored there. During this retreat, you will be guided by Astiko to recognize your assertive and receptive energies, embrace your humanity in its totality, and surrender to life as your own lover. Once you learn to fill yourself up with Love, you will move into sharing this Love with others;

embarking on a sensual, divine journey in the bedroom and in every moment of your day and night."

Sounds perfect! Kayden scrolled to the schedule page, and found there was a three-day retreat coming up in Davos, Switzerland. Ooooh - the Swiss Alps? That sounds delicious. But it was only a couple of days away - could she get her act together in time to book it? She also had some video deadlines, but since they were for her own small production company, she could probably shift the release dates around a bit.

Just then the phone rang. Who could be phoning at such a late hour?

"Hello?"

"Hi. Is this Kayden?"

"Yes. Who is this please?"

"Excuse me for phoning so late. This is Rocco Meliambro."

"Oh, well, good evening sir, " she said coolly, pushing down her excitement.

Rocco is phoning?! The founder of Ethical Capital Partners, which just purchased Pornhub (the biggest online distributor of porn videos) and Brazzers (one of the biggest content creators out there)? Um, yes, I'll take the call, no matter how late it is!

"I won't beat around the bush, Kayden. I love your content. And while I know you have some contracts with other producers, I want to find a way to get you over to Brazzers."

Kayden tried to remain calm. "Interesting. I'm listening."

"I'm going to be travelling for the next few days, but when I get back, I'd love to sit down and discuss our visions for the future."

"That sounds good. Very good indeed."

"Alright then. Think about what you want to create in your life over the next few days, and we'll get back in touch when I return."

"Have a good journey."

"Thanks. Good night."

"Well," Kayden thought as she hung up the phone, "things are really happening. I guess it IS time for a change. I don't really love Brazzers' content, it's a bit too rough and hard core even for me, but it's worth having a conversation with Rocco. He's in a position to really advance my

career, and get my work out to a much larger audience. If I become a featured director on PornHub for example... but wait!"

Kayden stopped for a moment, and gazed at the picture on her computer screen of a man and a woman seated in front of each other, their hands in the namaste position, with a Buddha statue behind them, and a lovely sunset in the window to their side. In that moment she decided to handle first things first. First she needed to get her sexual house in order. Then she could talk to Rocco about the future.

She clicked the "Buy Now" button for the Neo-Tantra retreat, and then she booked a flight into Zurich Airport.

Early January 21st. In a Boeing 767.

Donnie King, the CEO of Tyson Foods, one of the largest processed meat producers in the world, was flying over the Atlantic to Davos. He was watching an in-flight movie: Michael Clayton. In it George Clooney played a corporate fixer who is brought in to clean up the mess after one of his law firm's top attorneys suffered a mental breakdown while representing a corrupt chemical corporation in a multi-billion dollar law suit. As Donnie watched, his mind flipped between feeling superior to the chemical company (my company plays by the rules) and a quietly nagging inner voice which wondered, as did Clayton, "Are we really doing the right things?"

And then he got to the horse scene. Near the end of the film, just after sunrise, there are three horses in a meadow with two or three large old trees (perhaps acting as natural gargoyles, protecting the lovely animals), on top of a gently up-sloping hill. Clayton slowly walks towards them. He gives them a little "horse whisperer" gesture with both hands, to make sure he doesn't startle them, but somehow the viewer feels they aren't going anywhere. Clayton is transfixed by the beautiful beasts. And his eyes meet the big deep brown eyes of the mare on the right. Now there is just the gentle breathing of them all, in a synchronized rhythm, known by seeing the frosted air leaving each of their mouths, and also known simply by feeling them, each resting in a blissful silence. Donnie sank into this moment of silence as well. It had been a long while since he felt such peace.

And then Clayton's car explodes far behind him. The horses scatter. And Clayton's face pales as his eyes widen. Donnie was as startled as Clayton was. And in Donnie a feeling of sadness descended as he, just for an instant, mourned the loss of the spacious blissfulness.

"We are about to begin our descent into Zurich." The pilot's words over the plane's intercom matched Donnie's inner experience perfectly.

January 22nd. The first day of the World Economic Forum. With Mike Goldman.

It was a difficult morning. I woke up to NPR streaming through my iPad. I was regaled with stories of violence, corruption and cover-up in Mexico, a series of companies in Taiwan changing their tooling from peace-oriented products (think plastic Buddhas) to war-oriented (parts for military drones and anti-aircraft guns), tumult in Niger, and insurance companies in the USA largely skirting laws designed to make certain they cover mental health treatment.

Personally, I found myself sinking into thoughts of self-loathing and low self-worth. I still felt guilty about the toxic story from six years ago, despite the fact that my intellect knew it was Not. My. Fault. But my emotions won out over my thoughts, so despite the five-star breakfast waiting for me in the hotel dining room, I found myself in the local general store buying cereal for lunch and ramen noodles for dinner. As I walked through the aisles, I paused, closed my eyes, and bowed my head. A cloud of darkness engulfed me as fragments of the NPR stories and my personal drama passed through my head. How the fuck are things going to change?

I was reminded that it came back to individuals rising in consciousness. And then too the depression descended. If I can't stay conscious, me with all of the time I spent practicing meditation, then how can I expect the eight billion other people on the planet to stay conscious? If I can't ween myself off of violent television shows or hours of video games per day, how can I expect others to do so? Especially when the changes which are being suggested by the most progressive forward thinkers of our time involve not just the localized actions of one person, but rather the trajectories and investments of entire industries, with thousands of people's futures in the balance. Add to all of this the zippy dark blue electric energy I felt buzzing in and around my brain, and you get a pretty bleak string of moments.

And then, as I was paying for the groceries, I looked over and saw the back of a woman. More precisely, I saw her hair: incredibly beautiful long silky straight dark strands all the way down to her buttocks. She turned to look - past me, at I don't know what - and while she didn't have a super-model's face, she was pleasantly attractive. She turned away again, and there was this petite body, with the gorgeous hair. And then she turned around again. This time she smiled, and I turned to see what she was looking at (no, the smile was not for me): just outside of the store, her car was parked, and there was a big sweet St. Bernard poking his head out of the window, whining and barking a little, as if to say, "Come back, Mom!"

The whole scene brought a wave of joy into my field: the hair, the figure, the smile, the dog, the setting. And suddenly positive movement seemed possible again. I walked outside before the woman did, and stopped in front of the car, and I spoke to the canine: "Don't worry, buddy. Your mom didn't forget you. She'll be out soon." And he kind of looked at me, with those big brown eyes, not sure if he should bark at me or wag his tail, and his gaze darted back and forth between me and his owner behind me.

In a moment she exited the store, and I said to her, kind of geekishly, "I was just telling him you'd be right out." For a moment there was a look of fear on her face, like, "who is this weirdo?" but then she forced a grin and said, "Thank you." And I turned and walked away, not wanting to scare her more than I already had, even though I would have liked nothing more than

to strike up a conversation with her, pet her dog, and heck, who knows, invite her for a hike in the Alps, dinner, Netflix and cuddle at my hotel room. John-Lennon-esque fantasies, I know.

I made it home with my groceries, made a cup of coffee with the in-room coffee maker (amazing, of course, being that we were in Davos), and opened up the schedule for the Forum. I still had a couple of hours before the opening ceremonies, so I grabbed a copy of today's Post.

On page seven there was more about the solar flares. Scientists were comparing the current string of events to the Halloween Storms of 2003. In that year, during the 31 days of October, the sun unleashed a barrage of powerful solar flares and coronal mass ejections that slammed into the Earth's atmosphere. These solar storms caused aircraft to be re-routed, affected satellite systems and caused power outages in Sweden.

On October 28, 2003, the sun let loose a whopper of a flare. It was so intense it overwhelmed the spacecraft sensor measuring it. The sensor topped out at X28 (already a massive flare) but later analysis found that the flare reached a peak strength of about X45, NASA said.

Also according to NASA, 17 major flares erupted from the sun during the 30 or so days of the storm. While the current solar storm had averaged roughly the same flare frequency - one every two days or so - in the last two days we have seen the pace increase - three large flares in the last 48 hours. And scientists expected the rapid rate to continue for the next six to seven days, with perhaps two or three flares per day hitting the Earth. This was an unprecedented rate of solar discharge.

After reading the second story in two days, I decided I needed to shake the cobwebs off and do some research. Why did the factoid that these flares contained unusually high percentages of extremely low frequency radiation stick in my head?

I did some Googling, and came across some interesting things. A study published in the Journal of Bodywork and Movement Therapies in 2021 reported on energy medicine modalities that have been categorized in the United States. The authors noted that qi energy emission during these modalities was found to occur in a frequency range of 4 to 10 Hertz (Hz) near the palms. Qi (also known as chi or ki) energy is experienced by meditators, energy workers, and acupuncturists as the energy which flows through and around the body. 4 to 10 Hz is in the extremely low frequency range. [1]

Another study, published in the journal Evidence-Based Complementary and Alternative Medicine in 2013, used a technique called torsion field analysis to measure the frequency of bio-energy in the human body. The researchers found that the frequency of qi energy ranged from 7.5 to 8.5 Hz, and that it was highly coherent, indicating that it was organized and structured. [2]

I had met many energy workers during my hours at the meditation center where I practiced, and I had experienced Reiki energy healing sessions. I also was familiar with various energy sensations in my own body-mind-Being, arising from the practice of meditation. But I had never come across scientific studies which placed qi energy into a particular range of the electro-magnetic field (EMF) spectrum.

So - the solar flares appear to be adding energy to Earth's field in the same frequency range that qi energy exists. Perhaps the flares are or will be impacting humans' energy fields? Definitely food for thought and more research.

Well, it was time for me to get ready for the first WEF session.

January 17th. Dhamar, Yemen.

"It is too risky for you to go," said Yahia, in a quiet voice.

Abdul-Malik al-Houthi, a Yemeni politician and religious leader who served as the head of the revolutionary Houthi movement, and his brother Yahia, also a top lieutenant of the group, sat at the small dining room table sipping tea.

"Yes there is risk. And yet still I must go."

"If you are identified..."

"I will not be. My disguise is excellent. I am assured by my technical advisors that the facial hair and prosthetics will be able to beat any facial recognition system they may use. My papers are outstanding, with the associated back story embedded into all of the databases needed."

"But I still don't understand why you feel the need to go."

"If we are going to win this war, we are going to need more assistance. And - we are going to need to take more decisive actions; more violent actions. I need to take the temperature of some of the Western leaders, to get a sense of how far we can go, without provoking a response which we may not be able to handle. At the Forum there will be many panel discussions on the war in Ukraine. I want to see how strong their resolve is. And - there are many so-called "liberal" thinkers at this Forum.... I may run into someone who is sympathetic to our cause, who might be willing to help."

They both paused, sipping their tea and reflecting on the war. For many years Yemen was divided into two countries: the Yemen Arab Republic (North Yemen), and the People's Republic of Southern Yemen (South Yemen). In 1990, North Yemen and South Yemen merged to form the Republic of Yemen. However, the unification process was marred by political, social, and economic struggles, leading to internal tensions and power struggles between different factions. In 1994, a brief but intense civil war erupted between the government forces of the north and southern separatists.

Moving forward, the 2000s saw the rise of an insurgency in the northern part of Yemen, led by the Zaidi Shia Muslim group known as the Houthis. Al-Houthi's older brother Hussein was instrumental in creating this group. The Houthis were discontented with the central government's

policies and sought greater representation and autonomy. Clashes between the Yemeni government and the Houthis intensified over the years, leading to several rounds of armed conflict.

Inspired by the Arab Spring movements across the Middle East, Yemen experienced widespread protests in 2011, demanding political reform and the resignation of the then-current president. In 2014 the Houthis seized control of the capital, Sana'a. The Houthi-led insurgency escalated into a full-blown conflict, with regional and international involvement. In 2015, a Saudi-led coalition of Arab states intervened militarily to restore the previous government, leading to a devastating ongoing war.

The conflict continues to rage, resulting in a severe humanitarian crisis, with millions of Yemenis facing food insecurity, displacement, and lack of access to basic services. Efforts to reach a lasting peace have been difficult, and the situation remains highly complex with different factions, regional actors, and international powers involved.

Despite all of this complexity, in April 2022, the warring factions agreed to a truce. They also agreed to allow fuel ships to enter into ports in the Hudaydah region, and for commercial flights to operate from the airport in the capital, Sana'a, to predetermined destinations in the region.

"Brother, are you certain this is the right move?"

"Yes. The truce expired a long time ago, and there has been indecisiveness among our ranks. I need to make something happen. I'm going to Davos, and I'm going to listen to the issues which worry the Western Imperialists, and I'm going to use these issues to exploit their fears, and to better choose our targets, at home and possibly abroad as well.

"And -- I'm going to find one or two disgruntled people, rich people, who are ready to contribute to our cause. And with these new endeavors, we are going to decisively win this war, by whatever means necessary, so that we become the sole and just and rightful rulers of Yemen."

January 22nd. The AlpenGold Hotel, Davos, Switzerland.

Mike Wirth was a tough nut to crack. A slim, handsome 63-year-old man with greying hair and a winning smile, Wirth was the CEO of Chevron Corporation, and frankly, he was dreading sitting through yet another round of WEF panels filled with hot air and pie-in-the-sky dreams.

Chevron was an integrated oil company involved in the exploration and production of oil and natural gas, refining, transportation, and marketing. Chevron was also involved in chemical and mining operations as well as non-energy activities such as technology development. Surprisingly, with a trailing 12-month revenue of roughly \$227 billion, it was only the seventh largest oil company in the world. However, because of its dynamic management team it continued to have a large impact on the world energy scene. [3]

Wirth sat at the little table in his suite, reading through some old news clippings his assistant had put aside for him, eating the bacon and eggs he ordered from room service, and listening to the "ssshhh" of the shower as his wife Julie got ready for her day.

The news clippings were filled with the usual stuff, but one item caught his eye. It was dated several months ago, and read as follows: "A former US Air Force intelligence officer appeared before House lawmakers yesterday, alleging federal officials have concealed evidence of UFOs from the public for decades. The hearing is the latest in the increasingly public conversation about UAPs - a formal term covering both terrestrial, and, in principle, extraterrestrial craft.

"Retired Maj. David Grusch, who went public in June, served as a veteran in both the National Geospatial-Intelligence Agency (NGA) and the National Reconnaissance Office (NRO). Notably, between 2019 and 2021, he held the position of NRO representative for the Unidentified Aerial Phenomena Task Force. From late 2021 to July 2022, Grusch assumed the co-lead position for UAP analysis at the NGA.

"The most explosive of his claims is that the US government has retrieved numerous nonhuman craft and is in a race to reverse-engineer the technology before other nations. At least one former colleague has publicly backed Grusch's statements.

"Also appearing was former Navy pilot David Fravor, whose 2004 airborne encounter with a UAP made waves after being declassified three years ago."

Wirth was about as straight-laced as they come, but he had two thoughts which combined to make the existence of ETs plausible, in his mind. One was the sheer number of stars in the universe, which made him think the probability of intelligent life on other worlds had to be non-zero. The other was knowing firsthand what an organization with huge resources was capable of: there were several times in his tenure at Chevron when he came into contact with top secret research projects within the company. Up until the moment of his "encounters" with the projects he knew absolutely nothing about them. So he knew from direct experience that it was possible to conceal projects of considerable size when you had the resources to do so.

"You're letting your eggs get cold." Julie's voice brought him back from his reflections.

"Are you ready for five days of tedium?" he asked her.

"You know, I'm thinking of doing something different this time. You won't mind, will you?"

"Different?"

"Yes. There's a health food store down town -- in addition to picking up a few things for my smoothies, I'm going to see if they have a bulletin board for local events. Maybe something off the beaten path will catch my eye."

"Sounds reasonable. Just don't go too hippie on me, alright?"

"Honey, you know me better than that. Now get dressed - you are going to be late for the first panel..."

She pecked him on the cheek, and turned on her cell phone to look for new messages.

January 21st. Davos.

The silence in the Davos Yoga Center was beautiful. It was so quiet, yes, but it was not a dead quiet. No - it was filled with life.

The world-renowned enlightened master Sadhguru had rented this studio for the next seven days. He is the founder and head of the Isha Foundation, with headquarters based in Coimbatore, India, and over 300 smaller centers around the world, all which teach yoga and meditation. In 2020 Sadhguru participated in several events at the World Economic Forum, primarily centered around the "Champions for One Trillion Trees Platform," an initiative with the goal of planting such a huge number of saplings by 2030.

This year, Sadhguru felt to attend with a more esoteric goal in mind. He sent out invitations to his disciples around the world to join him in Davos during the WEF. He rented this space, and throughout the days of the WEF he intended to hold regular meditations with his people. The idea, stated only among his disciples, was to generate a "Buddhafiield" of energy, to radiate out and engulf the WEF participants with Love and heartfulness. Imbuing the surroundings with such an ambiance, Sadhguru hoped that the decisions the leaders take will be more holistic, compassionate for all living beings, and peace-directed.

Just then, a deep rich bell sounded. After allowing the sound to decay into nothingness, Sadhguru placed his hands into the namaste position, and thanked everyone for attending.

"Before you leave for a short break, please allow me to say a few words. Earlier today I was thinking about conflict. I once heard another enlightened master say, 'There are many illnesses, but only one cure. And that cure is meditation.'

"As one meditates, one begins to see one is not their body, and not their mind, and not their emotions, and not even the sensations they perceive. They are the witnessing consciousness itself.

"When this is known (deeply, not intellectually), one arrives at a freedom from dogmatic belief sets. One can enter almost any negotiation with an open mind, ready to entertain all kinds of statements and all kinds of options. One can deal calmly with both success and failure: financial, intellectual, or metaphysical.

"One becomes very aware of every gesture they make: they always know exactly where they placed their shoes when they took them off to enter a room. When they throw out a soda can, they see the next seven places it will move to, and they see the seven previous places it has been.

"They understand they are connected to a vast universe, filled with divine energy that can never be exhausted. They lose the fear of death. They become tremendously joyful.

"In short, all conflict drops away from them.

"I hope these words percolate through your body-mind-Beings as you enjoy a cup of tea. See you shortly for our next meditation. Namaste."

January 21st. Zurich Airport.

Kayden Kross was standing at the baggage claim, waiting for her luggage to come out. She looked across the large open area, and saw a face she recognized. She thought, "No way. No friggin' way."

"Rocco!" she half-whispered half-shouted, as she waved her hand high in the air.

Rocco Meliambro - yes, the one and the same who phoned Kayden the other night - sauntered over to her. He said, "What on earth are you doing here?!" as he gave her a hug without waiting for verbal or non-verbal consent.

"I was going to ask you the same thing!"

"Well, I'm here for the World Economic Forum."

"Whoa - that's heady stuff."

"I'm not just a pretty face," he said, winking. "I've been in finance for a long time."

"Is that so? Well, I'm here for a tantra and sacred sexuality workshop being held in Davos."

"Really?! Is that business or pleasure?"

"Hopefully some of both," she responded, with a sensual smile.

"Hey, why don't you join me in my limo for the ride up to Davos?"

"Sure - just let me cancel my cab."

Rocco thought to himself, "This may be the beginning of a beautiful, um, friendship? Or maybe more...."

January 19th. Yemen.

The direct flight which afforded Kayden Kross such comfort was not an option for Abdul al-Houthi, who was traveling under the pseudonym Faisal Qasim. While he trusted his disguise, he did not want to take any extra chances. Journeying from Yemen to Davos, Switzerland without flying was a complex ordeal due to the long distances and geopolitical challenges involved.

Al-Houthi began by finding a boat to sail from Yemen to Djibouti. This was easy because of his extensive contacts in country. Next, he traveled via shared taxi through Ethiopia, making a pit stop in Dire Dawa. He continued on to Sudan, staying overnight in Bahir Dar. He got to test his disguise and ID at two checkpoints moving through Sudan, and had no issues. He made a note to himself to bring a little treat back for his cloak and dagger team.

Starting early the next morning, he continued northwards to Egypt. Finally he arrived in Alexandria on the coast. He could have taken a passenger ship, but he decided to go the safer route and had his contacts book him a place on a cargo ship headed for Gioia Tauro, Italy. Finally, he could travel in a bit of comfort as he booked a train through Europe, with its final destination in Zurich. From there it was easy to find a local train to Davos.

Al-Houthi arrived late on January 21st, and checked in to his room in the AlpenGold Hotel. He got a couple hours of sleep, had a decadent breakfast (which, although he might not admit it, he quite enjoyed), and set off to attend the Welcoming Remarks of the Forum.

January 22nd. The World Economic Forum.

The main hall in Davos, Klosters was packed to capacity for the Welcoming Remarks, to be delivered by Klaus Schwab, the Swiss economist who founded the World Economic Forum in 1971. In attendance were many of our main characters (some of whom you will hear more about later): Mike Goldman, independent journalist; Amit Roshan, Mike's friend and reporter for the Washington Post; Rocco Meliambro, founder of Ethical Capital Partners; Donnie King, CEO of Tyson Foods; Mike Wirth, CEO of Chevron; the owner of Rajby Industries, Nafees Sultan; Sadhguru, founder and head of the Isha Foundation; Abdul-Malik al-Houthi (in disguise with the name Faisal Qasim), the head of the Yemeni Houthi revolutionary movement; Miguel Patricio, the CEO of Kraft Heinz; and Ethan Brown, the CEO of Beyond Meat.

Klaus Schwab took the stage amid a healthy round of applause, and began his remarks.

"Ladies and gentlemen, esteemed participants, and distinguished guests;

"Welcome to the next chapter of the World Economic Forum, a gathering of minds that continues to ignite the flame of transformative change and shape the course of our shared global destiny.

"I stand before you today with a heart full of gratitude, reflecting on the journey that has brought us together. It was with a vision for a better world that we embarked on this endeavor, and it is with renewed vigor and purpose that we stand united, more than ever, to address the pressing challenges that define our era.

"The world has witnessed unprecedented shifts and paradigmatic disruptions, reaffirming the vital role that the World Economic Forum plays in fostering dialogue, cultivating partnerships, and generating innovative solutions.

"In the spirit of collaboration, we come together not just as policymakers, business leaders, and experts but as human beings united by a shared destiny. It is our duty to ensure that our actions are underpinned by a profound sense of purpose and empathy.

"Let us not forget the lessons learned from our journey so far – the imperative of inclusivity, the power of resilience, and the courage to embrace change. This year, we find ourselves facing a host of interconnected challenges that demand bold and visionary responses. Climate change looms large, the digital revolution reshapes industries, recovering from Covid continues to occupy our attention and resources, and the enduring disparities within societies urge us to strive for a more equitable world.

"However daunting the path ahead may seem, I am confident in the indomitable human spirit, the ingenuity of our finest minds, and the power of collaboration that binds us together. Let this World Economic Forum be a crucible of ideas, a cauldron of constructive dialogues, and a platform where partnerships are forged and fortified. Thank you, and may this World Economic Forum be a beacon of hope for all."

As the sounds of applause washed over him, Mike Goldman thought to himself, "From your mouth to godliness' ears." [4]

January 22nd. Davos.

Mike Wirth exited the three pm session on energy needs for the next decade, and stepped outside for some fresh air, when he noticed a man with a long white beard walking on a path nearby. He walked up to him.

"Sadhguru, is that you?"

"Ah, Mr. Wirth. So good to see you again."

"Please, call me Mike."

The two men shook hands warmly. Mike continued, "When was the last time I saw you? In 2020 perhaps?"

"Yes, very good memory. I was here in Davos working on the 'Champions for One Trillion Trees Platform.' "

"Yes yes, how is that going?"

"Well, the latest reports seem to indicate we are a bit behind schedule, but I am not giving up hope! You know, it would help the cause if your industry could do a bit more with regards to managing CO2."

"You don't beat around the bush."

With an impish grin Sadhguru replied, "I am an old man. I don't have time to beat the bush!"

"Well, in my view Chevron is doing its part. We have our solar facility at Hayhurst coming online soon. And we are working with MOECO in Hokkaido Japan on an advanced closed loop geothermal project."

"While these things are a good start, and with much respect, may I ask what percentage of your total operations do these represent?"

Wirth found himself getting angry - more angry than he usually would be at such a conversation. "Now hold on. Don't you Zen people teach that there is no good and no bad? That the 'mirror' simply reflects all, without judgment?!"

"Ah - I see you have been reading some Eastern texts. Yes it is true many people say we need change, and in general the initial premise of the asked-for metamorphosis appears to be prejudicial: 'Things are so messed up. Clean is better than dirty. Thin is better than fat. Aliveness is better than dullness. Solar is better than oil. Veggies are better than meat. Light is better than darkness.'

"And while from the highest altitude it is true there is no good and no bad, can we also say that form matters? The masters implore us to create Heaven on earth! They say the only virtue is consciousness and the only sin is unconsciousness. That's saying that light is better than darkness! Would you rather drink a cup of apple juice or urine? Form matters!"

Wirth responded, "Yes form does matter. The ability to create all of the amazing products which help people's lives matters. And making the plastics needed for many of these products matters. Giving people the freedom to travel matters. And making the oil and gas products so they can do this matters too. The systems people are talking about changing? They are huge and complex and expensive, and inter-connected with many many other technologies. You tweak one thing on the right, and seven other things are affected on the left and in the center. First, do no harm, my friend."

"Well, you make several good points, as always Mike. The devil is in the details. We need to widen our view, and see how all of the pieces interact. This is certainly true."

"Yes, we agree on this."

"At any rate, I need to get back to the yoga center, and you and I are not going to resolve these issues today. We are holding several meditations each day, throughout the WEF. Some are silent sittings, and others are more active meditations. You are more than welcome to join, if you find yourself getting bored with all of the talking heads!"

"Ah, Sadhguru, you read my mind! Well, thank you for the invitation. I will not forget."

"Enjoy the day, kind sir, and enjoy this very moment!"

They shook hands again, and parted ways.

January 22nd. 10:30 am, elsewhere in Davos.

Astiko had everyone sit in a circle. And then she began, "Welcome to day one of the Neo Tantra Retreat."

"Let's go around the circle and introduce ourselves. Perhaps say your name, a few words about yourself, and one feeling you notice inside in this moment. I'll begin. My name is Astiko. I have been practicing tantra and sacred sexuality for many years. Right now I am feeling much joy, which my mind associates with seeing all of these new, fresh faces!"

A couple of interesting folks spoke: a handsome man with a colorful tattoo on his arm; a slightly overweight woman in an expensive sweat suit; a middle-aged man with a pot belly. And then:

"Hi. My name is Roxy. I have a channel on PornHub called The Real Roxy Fox. I write about sex, answer people's personal questions, have a podcast and create my own realistic, artistic porn! This is sex education for adults and porn for those that want to see something beautiful and real. And if I could toot my own horn for a moment, as of July, 2023, I have posted 206 videos on PornHub, with 30 million total views, and 49,300 subscribers to my channel. I have found over the years there is always more to learn, and I have heard marvelous things about Astiko, so here I am! Oh - and in this moment I'm feeling super bubbly and excited!"

Kayden couldn't believe her eyes or ears! She had a vague memory of coming across Roxy online, but she had no idea her stuff was this popular. She simply HAD to connect with this woman!

After a very good looking young man did his introduction, it was Kayden's turn. "Hello. My name is Kayden, and I've been working in the porn industry for a long time. For the last year or so I've been feeling like I need to make a change. That I need to bring more feeling and sensitivity into sexuality, both in my life and in my work. So that's why I'm here. In this moment I'm feeling a bit shy, but also ready for the new. And I'm really glad Roxy is here!"

After a couple more shares, we had this: "Hello, my name is Julie Wirth. I must say, I'm feeling a bit like a fish out of water here. I saw a flyer for this workshop in the health food store in Davos, and booked the first day only, just to feel it out. With everyone's, um, range of experience, I'm not sure I belong here."

"Welcome, Julie," Astiko replied. "If you are noticing feelings of worry or concern or nervousness, this is totally natural. Simply accept them from your heart. We are all at different points in our journeys, and have different life experiences. But each of us can take a next step, a small movement towards getting to know ourselves, and getting to know Love, in whatever form that step takes. What do you do?"

Julie paused, weighing in her mind how much to share. "I'm a house wife, and I do various kinds of charity work. When I was younger, I played quite a bit of tennis too," she added with a grin. She decided to leave out the part about being married to the CEO of Chevron.

"Tennis?" Astiko replied, with a warm grin. "I played tennis too! I've seen many athletes come through my workshops - playing sports in general really gets a person in touch with their body. At any rate, there is no pressure for anyone to stay, but I do hope, Julie, you give it a fair shake."

As Julie was the last person to share, Astiko took the floor. "Alright, before we begin, I want to lay out a couple of ground rules. First, you never have to participate in any exercise, ever. If you don't want to do something, simply don't do it. If you need support in saying no, just let me know. Next, you must ask permission and receive a verbal yes before you touch anyone. And be specific in your request. 'I would like to touch you on your arm,' is a clear communication. 'I feel like touching you - can I?' is not nearly as good. I hope you can see the difference in the two examples.

"Next - if you are a yes, say yes. If you are a no, say no. And -- if you are a maybe, say no. Maybe indicates some inner confusion and/or conflict, so it's likely best to take a few moments to let things settle before going deeper into a process. Also, you are encouraged to change your mind. You may feel a no to doing an exercise, but then after watching it a bit, you might feel a change of heart. Feel free to approach me or one of my assistants, and we'll find a way to get you into the mix.

Another point: you can negotiate with your partner. Maybe someone asks you, "May I give you a full body massage?" You might have a clear no to this, but when you look inside you see, you would enjoy a neck and shoulder massage. So you can say, "No I don't want a full body massage, but I would enjoy a neck and shoulder massage. Does this work for you?" Then they can look in, and say yes or no. Or negotiate some more!

"Please respect your relationship agreements and communicate with your partner. It's best if you discussed this workshop beforehand. Perhaps you and your partner agreed that you could hug other people, but that, perhaps, massage was not alright. So please - do not do this: ooh, Astiko just told us we are doing a massage exercise later. I'm going to call my partner and see if they'll change their mind, just this once. No! (The group laughed.) Stick with your existing agreements. There will always be another workshop; or another opportunity. Any questions?"

As no one spoke up, she continued. "A couple more items. Tears and laughter are always welcome. You may find that some of these exercises go deep and touch you inside. Let yourself happen! Let whatever wants to flow, flow. And finally, what happens in the tantra workshop stays in the tantra workshop. Respect people's privacy. You are welcome to share about your own experience with folks outside of the group, but do not share names of participants or identifying characteristics. If you are good with all of these guidelines, please raise your hand."

Everyone raised their hands. After hearing the ground rules, Julie relaxed quite a bit.

"Alright then. Let's begin! Men -- please stand in a circle, facing outwards. Women -- form a circle around the men, facing inwards. Now -- stand opposite your first partner, and notice what you see. If you are like most people, you will notice your partner's eyes, their hair color, their skin tone, perhaps their shoulders or chest or breasts or torso. I want you to look for something more subtle. I want you to look for the godliness within your partner.

"Some people have said the eyes are the windows to the soul. Perhaps start by softening your gaze, softening your own eyes. And then look into the eyes of your partner. And see if you can see something beyond the physical attributes of your partner. Now let's stay in silence for a few moments and notice what is revealed."

After a few moments, Astiko said, "Now thank your partner in whatever way feels right for both of you, and then the women will move one person to their right. And begin again. Look for the godliness in your partner."

After everyone had been with everyone, Astiko said, "Very good. Please take a fifteen minute break. Namaste."

Kayden sat down on a cushion in the corner of the room. She was simply overwhelmed by the experience. Astiko came over to her. "Are you alright?"

"I... I... I don't know what to say."

"That is fine - sometimes there is no place for words."

"No, you don't understand. I've been working in porn for years. I've looked into the eyes of so many men. And don't get me wrong - there has been some good sex. I mean, good connections during sex. When I like the guy, sometimes it's even got love in it at times."

"Yes..."

"But this -- this was something on a whole other level. I would go in and out of seeing them as bodies. Like - they would start to dissolve in front of me."

"Very good!"

"And there was this melting. Like there was no separation between the two of us. And in that space even the tiniest gesture would ripple between us. I was feeling so much." And then Kayden began to cry. "And when I think of how rough the men have been with us girls -- with me -- on film -- in so many scenes, in so many gruesome ways.... God it hurt so much.... So much... "

Astiko just sat there, breathing into her heart, holding space for Kayden as she expressed her emotions. When Kayden's crying subsided, Astiko handed her a tissue.

"Good. Very good. I think this work has come into your life at the perfect moment. You are ready."

Kayden half laughed and half cried and gave her a big hug. "Thank you so much."

"No, thank *you* so much."

And they just melted into the hug.

January 22nd. Three pm, in a WEF session room.

Abdul Malik al-Houthi sat in the back row of the small hall, listening to a panel on the war in Ukraine. When the panel was over, al-Houthi struck up a conversation with the man sitting next to him.

"So what did you think of the session?"

"To be honest, not much new was shared."

"I agree. Of course the situation in Ukraine is of great concern to the international community, particularly the West. Might I ask: what is your perspective on what the West fears most with regards to the ongoing war?"

"One of the primary fears is the potential escalation of the conflict, leading to wider regional instability. The geopolitical dynamics in the region are complex, and any further escalation could have broader implications for Europe's security and beyond."

Al-Houthi put a bookmark on this thought in his mind -- choosing actions in Yemen which could bleed out into neighboring countries such as Oman or Djibouti could be an effective strategy. Al-Houthi replied, "I see. How do you think the West perceives Russia's influence on other nations?"

"The West is deeply concerned about the potential ripple effects of Russia's aggression. There are fears that Russia's actions in Ukraine could set a dangerous precedent for other countries and may be perceived as challenging the post-Cold War international order. The annexation of

Crimea and the ongoing support for separatists in Eastern Ukraine have been particularly worrisome."

"It's unfortunate that such tensions persist, and I can understand the implications it may have on global security. Well, I need to be getting on to my next panel. Thank you for your time."

"You are more than welcome. Enjoy your day."

Al-Houthi reflected on the stranger's words: set a dangerous precedent for other countries. Yes. I can use Russia's actions in Ukraine to justify our own aggressions. Yes, this can help greatly. [5]

January 22nd. Late at night, and into the morning of the 23rd.

After a day of conferences, Mike Wirth hit the hay early. When he woke up after a night of tossing and turning, he had a terrible back ache. He thought to himself, "The bed in this damn \$1,200 / night room is way too soft. All those damn natural fibers."

Julie was stirring in the bed next to his bed. "Good morning honey."

"What's so good about it?"

"Is everything alright?"

"No - my back went out again."

"Oh dear." Julie got up, and went over to her purse. "When I was at the health food store yesterday, I grabbed a bunch of brochures. One of them was a massage therapist."

"Nah - they have people in the hotel," replied Mike.

"No honey -- I had a really good feeling about her."

She showed him the brochure, which had several pictures of a body worker named Mia Girtman. She was drop dead gorgeous, around 25 years old, with long corn silk blonde hair and radiant blue eyes.

Mike replied, "Well, sweetie, I trust you."

Julie wasted no time, "I'll book you an appointment - hopefully she has time today."

Mike didn't notice the credentials listed on the flyer: in addition to Swedish massage, there was also Lomilomi, Neuro-Muscular Therapy, Acupressure, Reiki Energy treatments, and Shamanic Energy Healing. This woman had magic fingers.

When Julie got off the phone she said, "Good news! I got you in at 9 am. She keeps a morning slot open for emergencies."

"Thank you - my sore back appreciates it. Hey, did you get to a workshop yesterday?"

"Yes, I did."

"Nice. How long is it?"

"It continues today and tomorrow."

"Good, I'm glad you are finding something to do."

"Actually if you are not in too much pain, I would like to talk to you about it a bit."

"Sure."

"First, to be clear, the workshop leader is very kind and experienced. And she let us know that we always have the agency to say yes or no to participating in any exercise."

"I see. What kind of workshop is this?"

"Well, it's a tantra and sacred sexuality workshop."

"Sexuality?"

"Wait - before you jump to conclusions - many of the exercises are about communication. And many have no physical touch - things like eye gazing, and so forth..."

"Eye gazing?"

"Yes - I'll explain it later - but for now, just understand it does not involve physical touch."

"You keep saying 'physical' touch.... What other kind of touch is there?"

"Honey... yes, that's a good question... but listen."

"Alright."

"One of the guidelines is that couples need to have clear agreements - like I'm there, and you are not, and so we need to discuss what I'm 'allowed' to do, and what would make us, well, both uncomfortable."

There was a pause.

"I don't understand."

"Well the workshop leader put it this way. There is a spectrum of touch, right? Like: a handshake on one end, and..."

"Ah I got it. And 'hitting a home run' on the other end."

"Yes!"

"And we need to discuss how far along the spectrum you can go before... hey wait a minute, you aren't having orgies in there, are you?"

"No no no -- nothing like that. But like -- would it be alright if I put my hands on a man's shoulders, and / or he put his on mine?"

"Oh." There was a pause. "This is actually kind of an interesting thought exercise. Like - I am fine with you shaking hands with men. But - hands on shoulders? I'm not so sure. What sort of mental calculus am I performing, without even noticing it? I'm always drawing a line on this in my head, but in a way it's kind of arbitrary."

"Exactly. That's such an interesting way to put it. To be honest, I'm not sure about the shoulder thing either. That's why I wanted to talk to you about it. Ah wait. I just remembered another guideline - she said, 'If you are a maybe, then say no.' So let's say no to hands on shoulders."

"Agreed."

"Listen - we both need to get going. I don't want to make a federal case out of this. That little agreement we just made gives me a good sense of where we both fall on the touch spectrum."

"Alright, dear. And if the orgies start, do me a favor, and get out of there, will you?"

"Mike!"

He chuckled, then winced a bit.

"Oh, your back. Maybe a hot shower will help. I'll start the water for you."

"Thank you."

January 23rd. 10 am WEF session.

Miguel Patricio, the CEO of Kraft Heinz, arrived a few minutes early to the session on processed foods and their place in world food markets. Kraft Heinz is an American multinational conglomerate and is the fifth-largest food and beverage company in the world with over \$26.0 billion in annual sales as of 2021. In addition to Kraft and Heinz, over 20 other brands are part of

the company's profile including Oscar Mayer, Jell-O, Philadelphia Cream Cheese, Kool-Aid, Smart Ones, Boca Burger, and Grey Poupon. Kraft Heinz ranked 114th in the 2018 Fortune 500 list of the largest United States corporations based on 2017 total revenue. [6]

Miguel Patricio sat down, and noticed the man next to him had an iPad on his lap. For some reason the image on the screen caught his eye: it was a PET scan of three human brains side by side. One of the brains was "normal," the second was the brain of a cocaine user, and the third was the brain of a processed sugar user.



The second and third images were surprisingly similar.

Miguel had seen images like this before, but for some reason this time the significance of the comparison struck home. The man with the iPad noticed Miguel's gaze, and said, "Pretty powerful stuff."

Miguel just nodded. The man continued, "There's a lot in this article, but just take a look at this sentence."

Miguel looked and saw a highlighted quote. It read, " 'Our research supports the theory that high-fat / high-sugar foods stimulate the brain in the same way that drugs do,' said Joseph Schroeder, director of the college's behavioral neuroscience program. 'It may explain why some people can't resist these foods despite the fact that they know they are bad for them.' " [7]

Considering over 80% of Kraft's brands offered foods with high fat and/or high sugar content, this statement was felt by Miguel more as an accusation than anything else. He hated to think it, but several people in his inner circle actually **appreciated** the fact that "people can't resist these foods" because such a state of affairs tended to increase sales.

Miguel thought for a moment about all of the people he employed; about the supply chains and the sheer tonnage of materials his companies moved every day; the near-constant fight for shelf space in all of the Walmarts and Safeways and Albertsons of the world. And the PET scans were quickly pushed out of his mind, as the panel began.

January 23rd. Day two of the tantra retreat.

Astiko had her workshop attendees sitting in a circle. "How many of you are familiar with the chakra system?" Pretty much everyone raised their hands, including Julie, who in the past had taken several yoga classes, and had come across the term then.

"I'm going to have you partner up, and sit on the floor, back to back, so that your backs are touching. There are lots of pillows around so make yourself comfortable."

People chose their partners and got settled in.

"Now, begin breathing into your first chakra. And as you do so, imagine a red color there. Some people imagine a glowing orb of color; others imagine a spinning red disk. Choose an image that feels right, as you continue to breath, and feel through your back into the back of your partner, at the first chakra level."

After a few minutes, Astiko said, "Now move your breathing up to the second chakra. And change the color to orange."

She continued this exercise up the seven chakras, and then back down to the first. When they were complete she said, "Gather into groups of four and share your experiences please."

Roxy, Kayden, Julie and a sexy young guy found themselves in a foursome. Julie began, "That was totally amazing. There were definitely areas of stuckness, but there were also areas of flow. And it really helped feeling my partner behind me. It's like the energy was amplified. Gosh - I really feel myself - I mean, really FEEL myself - and there are these openings.... I am so grateful!" Everyone grinned at her, and Roxy who was sitting next to her affectionately rubbed her lower thigh and knee. Roxy then said, "Oh, I forgot! Can I touch your thigh and knee?!" "Sure," said Julie, playfully, and they both laughed.

When the others were done sharing, it was time for a tea break. Roxy walked up to Kayden. "That was amazing, wasn't it?"

Kayden replied, "Yes! I can't tell you how perfect this workshop has been for me."

"I know, right? I've done some of these exercises before, but Astiko puts her own spin on them, and I'm really learning some new stuff."

"So what's it like putting this stuff online?"

"Well, I'm doing alright. I'm not as big as Riley Reid or Piper Perri, but I'm making a living, and I have some devoted fans."

"Sounds good. Hey, you'll never guess who called me the other night. Rocco Meliambro."

"The guy who just bought PornHub?!"

"Yes!"

"Well what did he want?"

"No wait - the best part is, I flew into Zurich the other day, and I saw him in the airport! He was going to the Economic forum."

"He's in Davos right now?!"

"Yes! And he wanted to talk to me about working together. He invited me to share his limo from Zurich to here. "

"Oh my god! That's huge."

"But here's the thing -- this workshop is something I've wanted in my life for so long. I don't want to continue making 'old style' porn. You know what I mean?"

Roxy nodded. They paused. Then the light bulb went off. Roxy said, "Invite him here."

"What?!"

"You heard me. Invite him to the last day of the workshop. Tell him... I don't know... tell him anything. He's a guy. He'd kill to spend a few hours with you, especially if it involves something sexual... even just sensual..."

"You know, this actually might work."

"You have to do it. Invite him!" They both giggled and hugged each other.

January 23rd. In the morning, back with Mike Goldman.

I was making my morning ramen run, enjoying the tree-lined street I was walking down, when I noticed a group of people hanging out on the street. As I walked past I overheard one person saying that Sadhguru commented that the meditations they were having seemed to be going exceptionally deep. Then another person said, "I wonder if it has anything to do with the solar flares?"

They are talking about the flares? I walked up to the group and said, "Do you mind if I join you?" They all nodded with warm smiles. "I actually did some research on these flares. They seem to be radiating an unusual amount of extremely low frequency radiation."

"Yes," one of the meditators replied, "in the 5-10 Hertz range. The same range as qi energy."

"Exactly!" I replied. "Do you think this energy could have anything to do with the results people are seeing in the meditations?"

"It's hard to say for certain, but I'll add this to the mix," said a man with an attractive British accent. "I have a friend in London who is a yoga and meditation teacher and she told me last night that several of her students are reporting profound experiences during her classes -- some of them are having extended satoris, and many for the first time!"

"What exactly is a satori?"

"A satori is a glimpse of the beyond. A dropping away of what we know, just for an instant or two; a falling into the vast black velvety darkness. A breakthrough, a single, momentary glance into Existence, into the abyss."

"Yes, I remember the term now." Mike continued, "I'm here to cover the World Economic Forum. I wonder if the solar flare energy will affect the participants."

The others gave each other knowing grins. Then one said, "You know, Sadhguru planned these meditations here at this time with the intent to have a positive effect on the forum."

"Really?"

"Yes. We have seen countless times, in others, and in ourselves, when energy starts moving it can have a profound effect on one's personality, one's beliefs, and even one's actions. So why not bring the energy closer to the decision makers?"

Mike replied, "Well it sure can't hurt to try. We are just beginning the forum. Let's see what happens as the days unfold."

January 23rd. A tiny spa in Davos.

Mike Wirth went for his massage at 9 am. Mia Girtman was every bit as gorgeous as her brochure photos: Mike was stunned by her beauty. He was asked to undress - he stripped down to his briefs, and got under the sheet.

As Mike lay on the massage table, he felt a mixture of anticipation and relaxation. The scent of soothing essential oils filled the air, and soft, calming music played in the background. Mia began the session with gentle strokes, slowly working on Mike's tense back muscles, allowing him to ease into the experience. He glanced down at her feet and lower legs, which were as beautiful as the rest of her.

As Mia's hands moved along his back, shoulders, and neck, Mike's body responded with a noticeable shift in energy. The gentle touch awakened his senses, and he felt a surge of invigorating energy coursing through him. It was as if dormant channels within him were being activated, creating a renewed sense of vitality. His breath deepened, and a smile gently formed on his face as he surrendered to the rejuvenating touch. With each stroke, Mia seemed to find the precise points that needed attention, unlocking Mike's tension and allowing his energy to flow freely. Mia expertly applied acupressure to certain points, eliciting spontaneous bursts of energy within his body. He could feel the energy traveling from his back to his limbs, like a revitalizing wave washing away fatigue, stiffness and pain. Although he had had massages before, he had never felt anything like this.

As the session progressed, things started to shift. There was a short stretch where Mike kind of spaced out and stopped feeling what was happening. Suddenly an intense surge of energy shot through him. It felt like blue-black zippy electric shocks were jolting his body with every stroke. These shocks were not pleasurable at all. They were kind of intense actually, also new to him, and a bit scary. Mike's breath quickened, as the unsettling energy surged through his body. In addition to the energies, Mike's body started experiencing involuntary twitches and shudders.

Mia leaned down close to Mike's ear, and whispered, "Are you alright?" Her breath smelled of garlic, ruining her otherwise perfect 10 presentation.

Mike said, "I don't know. I'm feeling these weird shocks through my body."

"It's totally natural: I can help."

Mia applied both hands fully to his back, and did long smooth strokes from his shoulders down his back. She wanted to ground the energy all the way down through his legs, but his underwear were in the way.

"Do you mind if we take off your underwear?"

"What?! No!"

"Alright alright - I'm just trying to ground the energy, and it would make it easier. But no problem."

She did the long down strokes, lifting her hands at his lower back, then re-starting at his upper thighs, continuing down his legs to his feet. Mike's shakes continued, but they were becoming less severe now.

Mia said, "I was going to do your front as well, but I think we should stop here. Let me ground you for a few more moments." She stood at the end of the table, and placed her hands on his feet. He lay there, and started to relax a bit.

Finally, the session came to an end, but Mike was left feeling shaken and disoriented. As he slowly rose from the table, his legs felt weak, barely supporting his weight. He thanked Mia

mechanically, totally forgetting about her beauty. Leaving the room Mike felt disoriented by the unsettling energy sensations. It was an experience that would linger in his memory, leaving him with a deep sense of unease and reluctance to continue with his day. He decided to skip the upcoming WEF panel discussions, and headed back to his room for a rest. [8]

January 23rd. Mid-day, Davos.

The silent sitting with Sadhguru just completed. He spoke.

"I would like to speak with you for a moment about anger. If a mother and father are fighting in the kitchen and yelling loudly at each other, the anger energy radiates out, and it affects the kids adversely, and also the neighbors next-door!

"An initial response might be to suppress the anger, stuff it down, because that way it does not radiate out as strongly and so does not impact others as much. But this does damage to the individual who is suppressing. And also, sensitive people who are paying attention can feel the stuffed anger in other people.

"So then what you need is a soundproofed space and a bunch of pillows, so that a person can beat the pillows and yell and scream, and get the anger out and have it be contained in the room. Of course you don't want to lock the person in the room. When the anger has subsided, the person can go outside, and enjoy the sunshine and the light of day.

"The point is that we need to remember how interconnected we all are. The intricacies of energy management are not straight-forward. There is much to be learned in this dimension. But for now, this is a good start. Contemplate upon it, as you move through the day, and see what else might be revealed."

January 23rd. Evening, in Davos.

Kayden Kross was simply glowing. The end of Day 2 of the tantra workshop had left her tremendously excited and filled with ideas for the future. She pulled out her cell phone and dialed Rocco Meliambro's number.

"Hello?"

"Hi Rocco. This is Kayden."

"Well hello Kayden."

"Are you free for a drink?"

"When?"

"How about right now?"

"Sure. The bar at the AlpenGold?"

"Sounds good."

In twenty minutes they had found each other, ordered their drinks, and settled into a plush love seat in a dimly lit corner of the lounge.

Kayden began. "I know you are here for financial things, but I want to invite you..." She paused. What on earth am I doing? This is insane!

"Invite me to...?"

"This is nuts. You aren't going to..."

"No no. Invite me to what?"

"To day three of the tantra workshop I am in. Rocco -- it has been mind-blowing! Well, not just mind-blowing. 'Body-blowing' too! I am so open; I am feeling so alive, so juicy, so sensual."

"I gotta say I noticed something was going on. You look even more radiant than you usually do."

"Well, thanks, and guess what? This radiance is available to everyone! I swear, every single person. Think of it! I am so blissful! So turned on! Think of the kinds of agreements people would make in those dusty old economic forums if they felt the way I do!"

Rocco laughed. "It has been pretty dry."

"Come with me, Rocco. I'll be your partner in the exercises."

"I don't know...."

"Look, there are no guarantees. And no expectations. Just spend a few hours there. Leave after the morning session if you don't like it. I asked the lead teacher, and she said you are more than welcome. You just need to spend a few minutes with her before we start, to get caught up on a few basics. We can meet for breakfast - my treat. And then head over there - its literally five minutes from here."

"Alright alright. Jeess, woman, you are on fire!"

"I feel so alive. And this feels so right. So you'll come?"

"Yes, yes, I'll come."

"Fantastic! I'll meet you in the hotel lobby at 8 am!"

She gave him a big juicy hug and a kiss on the cheek and bounced out of there.

January 23rd. Evening, the AlpenGold Hotel.

Julie had had quite a day. After the workshop she and a few folks went out for a vegetarian dinner. She entered her hotel room around eight pm to find Mike in bed.

"How are you doing, sweetie?"

"Well I told you about the massage on the phone. It definitely helped my back, but I'm still feeling so spacy."

"Sounds good," she replied, barely hearing what he said. "I can't wait to... well... we did some amazing exercises... breathing up the chakras... eye gazing with hands on each other's hearts... and more. I've never felt so connected to anyone - man or woman."

Mike just nodded.

She continued. "I had no idea a person could live this way. Astiko - that's the group leader - said that all of her interactions are like this now. And if she meets someone who doesn't show up this way, she simply does not include them in her life."

"Well that's convenient."

Julie paused. "Well, I guess it's not that way with the supermarket clerk. But I think she meant with friends and significant people in her life."

"Yeah."

"Mike. I really want to go deeper with this work. I can't tell you what a difference it makes."

There was a pause, as Mike began to realize what she was asking for, and Julie drummed up the courage to say it out loud.

Then Julie whispered, "You and I - we need to find more intimacy."

Mike suddenly lost it. "Really?! You are saying this now? More intimacy? Jesus fucking Christ - I'm lying here in bed, in pain, barely able to focus. I just had some bat-shit crazy experiences with that WAC job masseuse you sent me to. My business - my rather large conglomerate of businesses - is under constant attack on the world stage. Clean up the oil spills. Stop polluting.

Climate change this, climate change that. And now is the moment you come to me with this. I mean, fuck!"

Julie stopped. She was just frozen, stunned by his violent outburst. Yes, she realized, it was violent. She saw it so clearly. Talking to someone like that was VIOLENT. She compared his outburst to the series of incredibly sensitive connections she had all day today. And then she broke open. "NO. You have no right to talk to me that way. I am not a dumping ground for your rage!!!!!"

"Julie..." Mike said in a menacing tone.

"No! You just stop." She took a breath. "I'm not an idiot. I know how hard you work. But you cannot talk to me that way. Go take a drive and scream at the top of your lungs or something. But don't take it out on me."

They both paused.

Julie went on. "I know how blessed I am, we are. In the physical world I have everything anyone could possibly want: two huge homes, three cars, wonderful children, the best health care in the world, a closet filled with clothes and shoes, and on and on. And I am so grateful for all of this - I truly am.

"But there is another kind of richness - a richness of the soul. And..." Julie started crying. "And my soul is poor. It's so poor. I am so mal-nourished on a soul level, on an emotional level. It's not you... well... maybe... no, I have to take responsibility... I have to do the work to fill myself up, but also, I have to create connections where the Love is amplified and sustained..."

Mike replied, "What are you talking about? I don't have any idea what you are saying. This ... this Ashko person is filling your head with New Age nonsense."

"No! No Mike. No she is not. And it is Astiko. And no -- this is not New Age philosophy. I have been **feeling** these things. Directly experiencing them. And I'm telling you it's a whole new world for me. It's like - I've been walking through a desert, dying of thirst, with barely enough water to survive, for decades. And then, all of a sudden, I have stumbled upon an oasis, full of lush green trees, and sweet sweet water, all that I can drink. And for the first time my thirst is quenched and I feel so so good -- you cannot even imagine..."

"Julie."

"No. It is so clear to me Mike. I know you are in pain. I know your mind is turned around from the massage - hey - actually this might be a good thing in the end. And I know you have work to do here - but I also know you don't want to be here. You don't want to listen to, in your words, these talking heads with their pie in the sky ideas. Well -- I'm giving you an out. Come with me to the last day of the workshop."

"Please..."

"I'm serious. Come with me tomorrow. Hell, even just stay for the morning. Find out what having your thirst quenched feels like. Just this once trust me - trust your loyal wife of 25 years. Come with me."

When she said the word "quenched" he remembered back to the early moments of the massage, before it got weird, when he was feeling so... so, what? So blissful? Perhaps he could say -- so quenched. He didn't say anything to Julie, but as they looked into each other's eyes, they both knew he would go with her.

January 24th. Morning, the AlpenGold Hotel.

Mike Goldman decided he had had enough ramen for the week, and so he went into the hotel restaurant to sample the wonderful breakfast offerings. As he walked in he noticed Miguel Patricio sitting alone at a table.

"Well, hello Miguel. Long time..."

"Good morning, Mike!"

Mike knew Miguel from his days at the Post. He did a three-day embed with him during the end of his tenure at Anheuser-Busch InBev, to write a human interest story on what it was like to be chief marketing officer at a major corporation. A "day in the life" piece, if you will.

"How's it going?"

"To be honest, I'm getting kind of fed up."

"Actually me too."

Mike paused, and then said, "This might sound crazy, but let's get out of town for a couple of hours - a drive in the Alps will do us both good."

"You know, that does sound crazy, but it might just be what the doctor ordered."

They both put down their menus, got up and left. Sitting in the car, driving up Route A13, they started airing out their concerns. Mike began, "I gotta say, I'm having trouble staying focused during the panel discussions."

"Really? So am I."

"Yeah. When I was writing for the Post, I was really immersed in the issues. And even though there was complexity, I felt like there was a way to move forward. But now, the scope of the problems seems much larger. And of course, the elephant in the room is Covid. I mean, we all

just pushed through a MAJOR disruption to our way of life; to the status quo. And I don't think we all have fully digested the impact it had on us."

"You know, up until now I've felt very good about Kraft and its mission. Hell, we feed the world! Well, not the whole world, but a big part of it, and we keep prices down, and we keep food poisoning out of the system -- which is no small feat -- and and and.... And I'm not new to all the talk from the organic folks and the whole foods folks and the anti-GMO folks and the vegetarians and all the rest, but for some reason this week their words are hitting me more strongly. And I'm beginning to question some of Kraft's basic assumptions about the world."

"You see?! This is what I'm talking about! I have my own personal beliefs about food and food sourcing and so on, but I am a man of the world. I know how elaborate your supply chains are. I know that altering even a small part of your mission would have ripple effects across the globe. And I know feeding eight billion people on the planet is not a simple thing."

"Exactly! It's a huge complex problem! And in the past frankly I never wanted to do it. To even consider how to do it, even if I wanted to do it! Not to mention the reactions of shareholders and board members and all the rest. But god damn it -- its becoming harder to ignore some simple truths which are being laid out before us; which are backed by good science; and more importantly, by simple common sense."

"Yes. I think you are on to something."

There was a pause, as both men took a breath, and allowed what was said to sink in. For a brief moment, Mike thought about the solar flares and what effect they might be having on Miguel's thinking. And they drove in silence for a while.

After a bit, they passed a sign saying, "Entering Andeer." It was a small mountain town about an hour from Davos, and they saw a quaint old building with another sign saying, "Hotel Rofflaschlucht." The hotel had a lovely outdoor café situated in front. With all the confusion and chaos they had been talking about, for some reason it was clear to both of them that stopping for a cup of coffee and pastry now was absolutely being in the right place at the right time.

They found a table outside and sat down. Seated next to them was a pleasant looking 60-year-old man. They started chatting. Mike began, "Do you speak English?"

The man replied, "Yes."

"Are you from around here?"

"Nope. What about you folks?"

"No. We are attending the World Economic Forum down in Davos, but our heads are crammed full, and we need something new and different; off the beaten path."

The man said, "Well actually my grandfather regaled me with stories of a small town not far from here. These days it is a shadow of its former self, but in its heyday.... I've actually been trying to get up the courage to go visit there."

"Well, this sounds intriguing," said Miguel. "What's the back story?"

"The town is called Monte Verità - literally, "Mount Truth" - and it is set upon a hill in Ascona. It used to serve as the site of many different Utopian and cultural events and communities.

"My name is Heinrich Reuss, and my father was Albert Franz Theodor Reuss, a self-educated zoologist for what it is worth, and *his* father (my grandfather) was Theodor Reuss. In 1917 Theodor Sr. -- who was an occultist and master of the Ordo Templi Orientis -- staged a conference on Monte Verità covering many themes, including societies without nationalism, women's rights, mystic freemasonry, and dance as art, ritual and religion. Also addressed was the 'ecstatic release' in the mysterious procedures on the 'paths to enlightenment.' "

Mike and Miguel shot curious glances at each other. Heinrich continued, "Despite receiving some bad press, and leaving the colony prematurely, those 'in the know' knew that my grandfather was a true mystic, and that he contributed to the high energy of Monte Verità during that time. After my grandfather gave birth to my father, and left the community, he felt quite lost for a time. My father Albert was a decent zoologist, but he never really found an interest in the biggest of big questions: who am I?"

Heinrich paused and looked at the two men, "Am I boring you yet?"

"No no, please continue," said Miguel.

"When I was young, I remember sitting on my grandfather's knee, as he told me stories of his youth. We would dance together as well - not something the other grandfathers looked kindly upon."

"Um, yeah," Mike chimed in, "my papa never asked me to cut a rug with him!"

"While I have held down various jobs over my life, there were always gaps, where I would travel around Europe. I never planned my journeys. Rather, I would take each moment as a step into the unknown. Kind of like sitting here with you both now."

There was a pause, as the three men thought about Monte Verità -- Mount Truth. Mike said what they were all more or less thinking, "I for one could certainly use a dose of Truth."

"Well, for me at least, enough talk. Let's go see it!" said Miguel, always a man of action. "How far is it from here?"

"Only about 90 minutes or so."

"Well, what are we waiting for?"

"I'm game," said Mike.

So the three of them got in Mike's car, and headed for Monte Verità.

January 24th. 10 am, Davos.

It was day three of the Neo-Tantra group, and things were getting interesting. Kayden had brought Rocco with her, and Julie had brought Mike. Astiko pulled Rocco and Mike aside, and explained the guidelines to them, as Kayden, Julie and Roxy stood on the side in a little trio. The three of them giggled as they saw Mike and Rocco raise their hands briefly, acknowledging that they understood and agreed. Astiko then had everyone sit in a circle.

"For our next exercise we will do the couples version of Osho's Nadabrahma Meditation. Osho was a contemporary enlightened master, and Nadabrahma is an ancient Tibetan technique of chanting which creates an energy-field of awareness within. It is a mantra meditation, and mantra is one of the most potent methods. It is very simple yet tremendously effective, because when you chant a mantra or you chant a sound your body starts vibrating; your brain cells particularly start vibrating. If rightly done your whole brain becomes tremendously vibrant, and the whole body also.

"First, go ahead and find a partner."

Kayden partnered up with Rocco as Julie did so with Mike. Roxy found one of the juicy young men.

"I will give each couple a bedsheet, which you will use to cover both of you. Create a little tent. The meditation will be clothing optional. Take a moment to discuss with your partner how you would like to be clothed."

Julie was wearing yoga clothes, and Mike a sweat suit. Julie said, "Um, I think we'll be fine like this." Mike replied, "Uh, yeah, you think?" Kayden and Rocco had similar clothing on. They looked at each other for a few moments longer than Julie and Mike did, weighing their options. But in the end they decided to stay clothed. Roxy and sexy hunky guy wasted no time shedding their tie dyed organic cotton garb.

"I have lit several small candles and placed them around the room, to create light and protection, and I will be burning a particular incense, which I use only for this meditation.

"In the first stage, lasting 30 minutes, please sit in a relaxed position with eyes closed and lips together. Sit opposite your partner, and hold each other's crossed hands gently. When the music begins start humming, with mouth closed, making the hum sound with the nose as you exhale. Make the hum soft, but just loudly enough to be heard. Feel the humming resonate throughout your body and fall in tune with its vibration. The humming will feel as if it is showering from

above the head, continuously filling the empty vessel that is our body. Remember to feel your butt on the ground, to stay connected to the earth. After a short while the energies of the two partners will be felt to meet, merge and unite. In fact, you may notice the energies of **all of us** begin to merge.

"In the second stage, lasting seven and a half minutes, continue facing your partner under the sheet, with your palms facing upwards. Start moving your hands forward from the belly. Then separate them so they circle outwards until they come back together at the belly. Continue with this movement. The movement should be very slow, so that at times it appears as if there is no movement at all. Feel that you are giving energy out to the universe.

"In the third stage, also seven and a half minutes, you now turn your palms down and reverse the circular motion of your hands, so that they move out alongside the body and circle outwards sideways from the belly and come back together in front of it. Feel that you are receiving energy back from the universe.

"In the last stage, lie down together with your partner and be still. Be a witness of everything happening within. Do not try to change or fix anything: simply accept what is from your heart.

"Once the final bell sounds, I will leave fifteen more minutes for personal exploration. If you want to continue lying still, that is very good. If you want to do eye gazing, or if your breathing synchronizes with your partner, also good. If you feel to caress your partner, ask for what you want in a specific way, and if you get a verbal yes, proceed. Allow any impulse to act to arise naturally from within -- if you notice your mind is thinking of something to do, weighing the pros and cons, ignore it. But if you feel an impulse to touch arise from deep within, ask, and if a yes comes, allow it to gracefully unfold."

When the first bell rang, and the musical gongs started to sound, Mike began to hum. He felt very strange at first and thought to himself, what the hell am I doing here? But soon he began to lose himself in the humming and the gong-music and his thoughts started to fade out. About fifteen minutes in, he started to feel sensations remnant of the best parts of his massage with Mia. That blissful feeling of well-being; almost like floating on a cloud of delight.

He also found himself opening his eyes now and then, just for a moment, and he looked at Julie across from him. With her eyes closed, and her lovely hair framing her beautiful face, she looked truly angelic. God - I've really been neglecting her, he thought. And then he closed his eyes and went back to humming.

During the second and third stage, Mike found it hard to move his hands and arms so slowly, but he did the best he could. When the silent phase arrived, Mike and Julie lied together in the spooning position, Mike behind Julie, as they did when they slept in the same bed (which to be honest was not very often lately.)

Then the bell sounded to mark the end of the one hour. Astiko reminded them, "Now you have fifteen minutes more to let things happen on their own."

Julie turned over, to face Mike. Their legs and bellies still touched under the sheet and they gazed into each other's eyes. And then an incredible tenderness just organically arose between them. Julie whispered, "May I stroke your arm?" and Mike nodded. And she gently, ever so gently, began to stroke his arm. He watched her delicate hand - god - how have I never noticed how petite and delicate and beautiful her hands are? - go slowly down his bare-skinned arm.

When she got to his wrist a tingling sensation started and traveled up his arm into his chest and very quickly throughout his whole body. He never felt anything like it before -- not even during the massage with Mia. The titillation; the bliss; the benediction - he could barely breath. Julie seemed to sense something was going on, and she just moved one finger in gentle circles on his wrist. The sensation traveled through her finger into her body as well, and the two of them just glowed as one big ball of radiant Love.

After what seemed like an eternity in this state, the final bell sounded. Neither Mike nor Julie wanted to come back. But they heard the others' sheets shuffling around, so they too emerged from within their womb-tent. Mike looked at his watch. He whispered to Julie, "Listen, this was amazing. Actually beyond amazing. But there's a really important session I need to attend in the afternoon, and I need to get back and prepare a bit."

"I understand. Let's continue this evening - I've learned a couple of other things we could try together." She gave him a warm smile, with just a touch of sensuality in it.

Mike nodded and gave her a hug, and then walked over to Astiko to thank her and say goodbye, just as Kayden and Rocco were talking. Kayden asked, "So how was it?" Rocco replied, "Very good. I went in and out of it - sometimes my mind was very active, but other times I felt some pleasurable things. And - I really liked lying down next to you at the end." Kayden smiled. "Me too. And it's this kind of connection I want to explore... to explore much more."

Just then Roxy walked over. Kayden said, "This is Roxy Fox. She has a Pornhub channel with around 30 million total views." Rocco said, "Nice to meet you - that's impressive."

"Thanks!"

Kayden continued, "What makes it even more impressive is much of her content is in the 'sacred sexuality' side of things."

"Really?"

"Yes."

"I didn't know Pornhub had that kind of content."

Kayden said, "Rocco, can you stick around for a few more hours? I think we are all in store for some amazing experiences."

"Absolutely," he replied.

And with that, Astiko brought everyone together for the next exercise.

January 24th. Monte Verità, Switzerland.

When Mike, Miguel and Heinrich arrived in Monte Verità they decided to drive around a bit to get the lay of the land. They passed a beautiful Zen garden; took note of the lovely views of a lake with a mountain backdrop; found a park with a colorful tile mandala in the grass.

"Oh," Heinrich exclaimed as they stood around the mandala, "I seem to recall a story that my grandfather was involved in the laying of these tiles!"

The trio also found another park, with the countries of the earth groomed into the park's grass, and a peace pole proudly standing in the center of the map. Mike thought a visit to this park would fit nicely into the WEF's schedule.

And then they drove by the conference center in town: the Congressi Stefano Franscini, which is a department of the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology. The sign out front indicated that the current event happening was entitled, "Energy Medicine: The Scientific Basis." James Oschman, who wrote a book by the same name, was the keynote speaker and presenter. In addition to the science of qi energy, James had helpers who were holding hands-on events: half hour meditations, tastes of qi-gong, etc.

Mike seemed to recall Oschman's name, perhaps from when he was Googling the frequency of qi energy the other day. Mike said, "Let's take a look. I've been thinking about this subject lately."

"Really." asked Miguel. "I didn't peg you for the Qi Gong type."

"I read an article about the currently active solar flares, and it led me to this subject," Mike replied somewhat cautiously, leaving out the existence of his regular meditation practice.

The three of them found seats in the back of the lecture hall, as Oschman was talking. Shortly he announced they would be taking a half hour break. Mike walked up to the front of the room and the other two followed suit.

"Hello Mr. Oschman. My name is Mike Goldman."

"Good to meet you, sir."

"If it's alright I'd like to ask you a couple of questions." Oschman nodded. "In the last several days we have been experiencing strong solar flares. I've heard several reports of unusual things happening on the ground: deeper than normal group meditations happening; more satoris occurring during yoga classes; etc."

Oschman interrupted, "Yes, I do think these things are related. As you likely know these flares are high in extremely low frequency (ELF) radiation, which means they are very likely affecting qi energy. When you factor in the Schumann resonance, the amplifications you are reporting are easily explainable."

"The Schumann resonance?"

"The Schumann resonance was first described in 1952, when it was hypothesized that the space between the earth and the ionosphere acts as a resonant cavity. What resonates within this cavity? Lightning. Every second of every day, somewhere around the earth, there are between 100 and 200 lightning bolts streaking through the sky, releasing massive charges of electricity into the atmosphere. The energy released by these lightning strikes vibrates or resonates within the earth-ionosphere cavity in the ELF range.

"Several scientists have confirmed Schumann's theory by measuring the electromagnetic waves as they reflect from the ionosphere down to the surface of the earth, back to the ionosphere etc., in the same way that certain radio waves skip back and forth, travelling great distances around the earth.

"How are human beings influenced by the Schumann resonance? Because it is an electromagnetic field, it passes through physical objects and propagates throughout every location on the earth. The average frequency of the Schumann resonance (7-10 Hz) corresponds to the average frequency of brain waves and qi energy in humans, a correlation that seems to have evolutionary and physiological significance. The significance of this correlation is that the activity of the human brain is influenced by the Schumann resonance through a mechanism known as entrainment."

Oschman noticed the three listeners appeared a bit perplexed. He continued, "To make it simple: the basic idea is when a Qi Gong master gets his brain waves into the range of 6-7 Hz (through practicing various meditation techniques), he can use the Schumann resonance to project his qi energy. This is how energy healers use their energy to effect the energy of their patients."

"Also, if the solar flares are transmitting waves of ELF energy towards earth, this energy can be propagated and amplified by the Schumann resonance, thus resulting in the deeper meditations you mentioned. You also may find people who do not meditate are experiencing kriyas spontaneously -- kriyas are the shakes and shivers that happen when the kundalini energy starts arising in the body. And this normally only happens to people actively engaged in meditation. But as I said, due to the flares, we could see kriyas happening in random non-meditators."

Miguel chimed in, "I am involved in the food industry. Is it true that diet effects the movement of qi energy?"

"Absolutely. This is why many practitioners are vegetarians or vegans. It is well established that a lighter diet creates the internal conditions for more energy to move within the body."

Mike said, "You know, Miguel, I was reading about Kraft recently. You guys already own Boca Burgers, the meatless meat company. And the Smart Ones brand is in the ball park too. I took some notes from your website the other day..."

Mike pulled out his tattered notebook and flipped through the pages. He read, "Smart Ones provides perfectly portioned meals made from smarter ingredient choices so you can eat healthy and enjoy the tastes and textures you crave. No artificial flavors. No artificial preservatives. Just tasty meals made using ingredients and cooking techniques you would use at your home."

Miguel replied, "Sure, but this is just two brands out of more than twenty."

Mike countered, "It's simply about moving resources towards brand like these, and away from the salt/sugar/fat brands. And later adding products which are fresh not frozen, organic not GMO."

"Mike, please..."

Mr. Oschman continued, "When you stop filling the shelves with salt/sugar/fat products, humans will no longer have the easy option to eat badly. And this may have a direct effect on many people's qi energy."

Miguel said, "Gentlemen - it's too much for me." And he walked away from the group and outside into the sunshine.

Mike said, "Aw, Miguel. Don't..." But he let him go.

After a beat, Heinrich started in again, "You know, my grandfather used to live in Monte Verità in a spiritual community here. He told me they were strict vegetarians and this was the reason why. Mr. Oschman, I don't know if you are aware, but the fact you are holding your conference here could help Monte Verità return to its glory days."

He replied, "Well, I hope the elevation of human consciousness ripples out far beyond the lovely confines of this beautiful town."

Mike dove back in for one more question. "Might it be true that the Schumann resonance is related to the '100th monkey' syndrome?"

Oschman replied, "Absolutely. Once a certain number of people are thinking about a thing in a particular way, these thought forms (which can be conceived of as energy waves in the mental/intellectual frequency range) could be propagated and amplified, such that others begin to 'pick up' on the ideas."

Mike continued, "So if people, for example, begin to think about a world-around move towards renewable energy, this thought could be amplified via the Schumann resonance as well."

"Yes."

"And given the injection of the extra energy of the flares..."

Heinrich finished his sentence, "... these kinds of changes could happen more quickly."

"Yes!"

Mike concluded, "You know, the master Sadhguru has been holding several meditations per day in Davos during the Forum. So they are adding even more energy to the mix."

Oschman said, "It could be a very potent time. Perhaps I should pass through Davos on my way home." He paused, then said, "Well, gentlemen, I need to prepare for my next session. It was good talking to you all."

"Thank you for taking the time."

January 24th. 3 pm, WEF.

Mike Wirth felt amazing after the session with Julie. He had never felt so in love with her. And she whispered in his ear, as he was leaving, that she had learned some interesting techniques which can be applied in the bedroom. He was definitely looking forward to tonight's activities.

As he approached the WEF building, he thought about his previously scheduled 3 pm panel: fracking in the 21st century. He noticed a real shutting down of his energy as he thought about sitting through it. Just then he glanced at the big schedule posted at the entryway of the building. At the same time, on the other side of the building, there was a presentation about building a solar installation in the desert in Africa. His heart lit up upon reading it, similar to the way he was feeling in the workshop with Julie. Astiko had mentioned in the guidelines something about yes's and no's and maybes. She said often times when you feel a yes you feel your heart expand, and when you feel a no your heart will contract. Well there was no doubt for Mike in this moment: he was feeling a yes to change his plans and to attend the solar workshop.

He found his way to the room and sat down in the back. It was an hour-long presentation, very stream-lined and packed with a lot of information. Mike found himself taking notes. "Why not?" he thought to himself. "Chevron already has some solar pilot projects." There was promise in the Africa idea, but he also saw some holes in the proposal.

After the presentation, Mike approached the speaker, a guy named Joe Harris. "Could I have a few minutes of your time?"

"Sure."

"So if I heard you correctly, there are several different estimates, but an average says that we use roughly 17.3 Terawatts continuous power during the year, totaling all major sources."

"Yes."

"Alright, this jives with numbers I've heard before. Furthermore, we can cover roughly 1.2% of the Great Saharan Desert in Africa with solar panels, even with moderate efficiencies, and they will cover the energy needs."

"Yes, and we may also choose to do a combination of solar panels and concentrated solar plants using molten salt and mirrors: the Noor plant designs."

"Right. And then we build massive transmission lines, and shore up the global lines, and make connections where needed, so that there is a 24/7 distribution of the power all over the world. And this structure obviates the need for most other power creation. Is that right?"

"Yes."

"And the cost estimates vary, but Mehran Moalem in Forbes Magazine in 2016 suggested the total cost was around five trillion dollars, one time cost at 2016 prices without any economy of scale savings. And he points out this is less than the bail out cost of banks by Obama during the last recession. Or you could look at the trillions of dollars the world found to spend on Covid, when it truly felt the need to mobilize."

"Absolutely. You really took good notes."

"It's what I'm paid for. So here are my concerns. First of all, you mentioned large-scale water usage, both for cooling the turbines, and for cleaning the mirrors and panels."

"Yes. One solution people are looking at is building the solar facilities closer to the ocean (the current Noor plants are roughly 150 miles from the coast), and then building a series of desalination plants which could pipe the needed water in, while also providing potable water for the local citizens."

"Fair enough. My other big concern is about the geo-politics, as well as the security of the plants."

"Yes the governments of the African countries we are looking at have not always been super stable. We are putting tremendous efforts into establishing multi-phased diplomatic layers so that the world always has options to keep the power flowing, no matter what is happening in-country."

Joe continued, "With regards to security, it is clear that these plants will be targets for hostiles of all stripes. Built into the operating budgets of the plants will be very large security budgets -- lots of manpower, all kinds of surveillance, surface to air missiles, drones, and on and on. This is not an airy-fairly neo-liberal project. We will have boots on the ground, the funds to sustain them and their equipment, and R&D dollars to ensure that we are constantly upgrading our defenses with the newest technology. Finally, we will have spare parts of all kinds stockpiled in

warehouses nearby, so that when things do go wrong (either due to wear and tear, or to hostile acts) we can quickly move to repair or replace the broken parts, keeping the systems online and the world powered."

"You also need to consider protecting and maintaining the transmission lines (which are non-localized) and the transfer stations and storage facilities (again which are dotted around the world.)"

"Yes, this is true, and in large part will fall to the local nations. But think about how much goes into maintaining each nation's current energy infrastructure. Much of those funds will be freed up to tend to the solar tech."

"My last question and I'll let you go. There have been NIMBY issues in the US regarding new power lines. Apparently many new alternative energy projects have been stalled because the localities couldn't get the capacity to transmit the newly-generated power. "

"Yes. A large-scale education campaign will be needed. One argument: think of the damage to your community which oil and gas do." Mike cringed at that. "Now compare this to the risks associated with more power lines. Also there may be ways to mitigate some of the harmful effects of the transformers."

"Alright. Well we could continue, but we both have places to be."

Joe said, "Hey, I didn't catch your name."

"I'm Mike Wirth."

"The CEO of Chevron?!" Joe replied with disbelief.

"The one and the same."

"Whoa. I mean, thanks. I mean...."

"Save it. Keep working on the edges of this idea -- you're not there yet, but you are getting close."

"Thank you sir."

And the two men parted ways - for now. [9]

January 24th. Late night, into the morning.

Al-Houthi was among the many people - both locally and globally - who were having trouble sleeping this night. He was tossing, turning, shaking and sweating. And when he would drop into sleep for a moment, his head was filled with nightmares.

He kept seeing images of the mutilated man he ordered to be murdered - Ali Abdullah Saleh - a former ally of his, who broke off his alliance so that he could start peace talks with their adversaries. Al-Houthi wanted no such talks, and so he ordered the killing. Al-Houthi recalled his speech after the successful operation: "We have achieved a resounding historic defeat against the forces of aggression. Today they are extremely angry, and we say to them, 'die of your anger.' "

In his dream he recalled the speech which his enemy, President Hadi, made just after the murder, in which he called for his people to re-double their violent efforts in the war against the Houthis.

War war war. Fight fight fight. Bleed bleed bleed. Swirling images of red bandages and flesh marred with gashes and babies crying and mothers wailing. And him at the center, with a big panel in front of him -- what was this? -- with all of these levers and buttons and him laughing maniacally as he pulled this lever and pressed that button, as the rocket-propelled grenades were launched and the machine guns fired "rat-tat-tat" and and and ... him at the center, keeping the fighting going, and for what, for what...

And then his eyes popped open, and he looked straight ahead, and he saw... no, it can't be... a ghost? What in the world?

And indeed a ghost-like figure did hover gently at the foot of his bed. It was perhaps three feet tall, and had the shape of a human, with a slightly larger head, and big olive-shaped eyes. And then he "heard" it speak in a kind gentle voice:

"No I am not a ghost. But do not be afraid - I am not here to hurt you."

Al-Houthi thought to himself, this dream has taken a very strange turn. And the figure replied, "No, this is not a dream."

And Al-Houthi realized that he was not hearing the sound of the voice of the figure - no - instead he was receiving the thoughts directly into his brain.

"Yes, Abdul, this is correct. We are communicating telepathically."

"What do you want? And who are you?"

"I am Zenon, from the open star cluster called the Pleiades, and I am here to ask for your help."

"Open star cluster.... You... you are an alien?"

"We prefer to be called extraterrestrials, but yes."

Abdul sat up in his bed.

"Abdul - it is time for you to learn a few things. Your violence - it is not just against your fellow humans. It is rippling out into the galaxy. All of your new weapons - your advances in technology - they are creating difficulties for many species of extraterrestrials. It is time for you to come to know that humans are not alone in the Universe. And furthermore, your actions affect others."

The thoughts were calm, soft and smooth as they entered Abdul's brain. Also they came in quite rapidly -- Abdul noticed himself thinking they were much faster than he would have thought he was capable of processing. But there it was.

Zenon continued. "And it works the other way. Soon humans will be discovering that they are suffering ill effects at the hands of some of the less evolved species in the galaxy. And you will need our assistance. But we cannot help you unless you get your own house -- your global house -- in order. And the first step is to dramatically reduce the amount of physical violence resulting from war. This is why I am here with you tonight Abdul. You are the leader of an organization which can choose war or choose peace. I am asking you directly, from my heart to yours, to choose peace."

And just then, if Abdul had had the eyes to see, he would have seen a beam of pink/green light radiating out from Zenon's heart to Abdul's heart. Abdul could not see it, but he felt it - he felt a warmth filling his chest area, so soothing, so delicious, so blissful. And this warm bliss started filling up his chest and then overflowed to his neck and head and shoulders and also down into his belly and pelvis and legs and soon his entire body was glowing, gently tingling, so radiant, so cloud-like, so beautiful.

And he remained in this delightful state for what seemed to be an eternity. The silence. The peace. The benediction. Just stillness.

When he returned to normal waking consciousness, the first rays of morning sunlight peaked through the curtains in his room. Zenon was gone. And Abdul just lay there, not wanting to move, not wanting to disturb the lingering peace and silence.

January 24th. Late night.

Mike Wirth and his wife Julie lay in bed around 11 pm. They were in the same position they were in at the end of the Nadabrahma meditation, gazing into each other's eyes. Only this time they both were totally naked. Julie whispered in his ear, "I wonder what will happen if I touch you the way I touched your arm and wrist in a, um, more personal place."

Mike blushed a little and whispered back, "Let's find out."

She started at his chest and moved down. Between this delicate touch, and sharing a couple of other secrets she picked up in the workshop, they both had some of the most mind-blowing orgasms they had ever experienced.

January 25th. Very early morning.

Donnie King, the CEO of Tyson Foods, tossed and turned all night, as his body shook in a new and unexpected way. He was experiencing the solar-flare induced kriyas, although he didn't know it. And perhaps the energy field created by Sadhguru and the meditators was adding to the effect.

Donnie had a big day of meetings coming up, so he got out of bed around 5 am and took a walk, to try to clear his head. He too was staying in the AlpenGold Hotel, which was surrounded by lush green trees, rolling hills, and a beautiful lake. As he started to walk up into the trees, he came upon a meadow. And low and behold, standing just ahead of him, were three cows. And Donnie was instantly transported back to the horse scene in the movie, Michael Clayton. And because his mind was tired and confused, and his energy was strange and new, he was seeing horses/no cows/no horses/no cows as he walked up to them in an almost trance-like state. But most importantly, he was seeing LIVING BEINGS. He saw their hair, he saw their muscles, he saw their heads and their ears twitching as they sensed into him, wondering "friend or foe?" The cows had no idea how big a foe he had been to their kind.

And Donnie found himself drawn closer to them. They were standing in exactly the same positions as the horses were in the movie. And he too did the gentle hand gesture to settle them as he approached. And his eyes met the gaze of the longhorn on the right. And their breaths synchronized. And the moment of silence descended, just as in the movie. Only this time it was magnified twenty times by the splendor of Davos and the Buddhafield and the solar flare energy. And it lasted ten seconds rather than just two or three.

And then, a car backfired in the distance behind Donnie. And it startled both him and the gentle living beasts before him. And the cows ran off. And Donnie turned to look, half expecting to see a burning automobile. But instead his confused, exhausted mind played another trick on him, and he saw an empty old Swiss barn, which he mis-interpreted as one of Tyson's slaughterhouses. And he "saw" the parade of animals going in. And the men in bloody aprons killing being after being after being, and the blood and skin and sinew everywhere, and the pain, the pain, the senseless pain of the animals dying, but also the bottled-up pain of the murderers, who knew in their hearts what they were doing was wrong, so wrong, so very very wrong.

And a searing pain shot through Donnie's heart -- so strong that he feared he was having a heart attack -- and he collapsed on the ground, on the damp sod of the meadow behind the AlpenGold Hotel in Davos Switzerland, Planet Earth, Milky Way galaxy, Laniakea Galaxy Supercluster -- as he cowered on the ground in a fetal position he felt into the vastness of the place he actually inhabited, even as he remembered he was just a speck of stardust. And he sobbed and sobbed and sobbed for all the murder and suffering and pain and blood he had engineered and stewarded

during his life. Yes, people needed to eat, but for such a long time we humans have had other ways to feed ourselves - ways which did not include the senseless murder of living creatures.

And in an instant it all became so clear to him. True, he never saw the documentary movie Cowspiracy, but he did read an executive summary of it. His team saw it as a minor threat to sales, and wanted him briefed on it. (Animal slaughter for food is the leading cause of deforestation, water consumption and pollution; is responsible for more greenhouse gases than the transportation industry; and is a primary driver of rainforest destruction, species extinction, habitat loss, topsoil erosion, ocean "dead zones," and virtually every other environmental ill. Not to mention how cruel it is.) But the facts came crashing in, and somehow, some of the images too -- not somehow, hell his slaughterhouses were the source material for the film! And he suddenly in a flash knew that it was all correct. That they were right and he was wrong. It was just as simple as that.

They were right. And he was wrong.

He lay there for a moment, totally spent. And then he started coming back to normal waking consciousness. He got up, wiped the grass off of his pants, and started walking back to the hotel. In a few moments, he noticed a man walking towards him.

"Excuse me, sir, but are you alright?"

"Yeah, I'm fine."

"It's just that, well, I saw you on the ground over there."

"Yeah."

"Are you staying here at the hotel?"

"Yes."

"Well, let me walk you back. Maybe I can buy you a cup of coffee."

"Alright. Sure. Thanks."

"I'm Ethan. Ethan Brown. What's your name?"

"Donnie King."

"Donnie King? CEO of Tyson Foods?"

"Yes. Do I know you?"

"I think we've met. I'm the CEO of Beyond Meat."

"Oh. My. God."

"What?"

"Have I got a story to tell you..."

January 25th. Mid-day.

Mike Wirth had been moving around the Forum with renewed purpose. Apparently the so-called New Agers were correct: the combination of the energy from the solar flares, the energy from the Sadhguru meditations, and the more close-to-home energies and interactions with Mia and Julie and the tantra workshop have not only altered Mike's energetic state, but also his thinking. It's not that the production and use of oil is all bad, he reasoned. Rather, it is the fact that when there exists an inexhaustible source of energy (sunlight) and a place on earth which gets abundant and steady amounts of it (the Sahara), and technology to collect it and get it where it is needed (the solar tech and transmission lines), then why on earth would we continue to use a limited resource with known negative outcomes? Furthermore, Mike knew that the big oil reserves were dwindling, and fracking (which did even more harm) could only delay the inevitable oil depletion for so long.

So Mike decided to dive headlong into the solar Africa proposal. He thought it was good for the earth and good for the long-term financial prospects of Chevron. He had been seeking out and talking to colleagues from many different sectors. And he had been placing calls to his most trusted colleagues around the world within Chevron.

Finally, he caught up with Joe Harris, the guy who gave the presentation on the solar project. "Listen, Joe, who are the principal players in the Africa solar project? I mean, are there any organizations actively working on it?"

"Yes, there are several. I can give you a list."

"Great. Here's my card. If you would, get it to me within the hour. Ah - I don't mean to be impatient, but..."

"Impatient? Are you kidding? I've been waiting for a request like this for twenty years!"

"I've been talking to several folks within Chevron. I think we can begin to move some funds around, and make a substantial investment in this project. I also think we have some useful know-how."

"Of course you do."

"If this takes off, and I believe it is time for it in fact **to** take off, it is eventually going to decimate the oil industry. We will have all of these oil workers out of work, and all of this

physical plant and these oil tankers left to rot. I'm not sure yet what to do about the material investments. I suppose some re-tooling will be possible. And I guess we can use some of the ships to transport the panels and cables and stuff. But the building and maintaining of the huge solar infrastructure will take lots of human resources -- so many of our jobs can be transferred. And much of the solar equipment will need plastics which means oil."

"Yes. Re-training your people will be no problem. And we will need to up-ramp our production of the solar tech -- so yes, re-tooling will be needed, and will eventually be profitable. It is all doable. I and others have run the numbers on much of this."

"Where are you headed after Davos?"

"Sir -- I will go to Mars if you want me to."

"Good. I want you to come back with me to the States. We have work to do."

January 25th. The AlpenGold Hotel.

Abdul Al-Houthi stayed in bed until eight am or so. His mind was coming back on line, and he began to think about what had happened the night before. Surely he must have been imagining things. Yes, it was all just a crazy dream.

"Choose peace." He remembered this was said in the dream. "But we have legitimate grievances. We are rebelling against the corruption and embezzlement which was draining our state coffers. We have historically been marginalized and excluded from national politics. Our region in the North has been economically disadvantaged compared to the South for years. And there has been religious and cultural discrimination: the Houthis belong to the Zaidi Shia sect, a minority group in Yemen. We have experienced discrimination and repression from both the Yemeni government and extremist Sunni groups."

His thoughts rambled on. "How am I supposed to have these grievances addressed? I can't just give up the struggle for my people."

After wrestling with thoughts such as these for a while longer, al-Houthi got out of bed, showered and shaved, and left the hotel to take a walk. As he wandered around thinking things over, his nose was suddenly greeted with a familiar, nourishing aroma. Could it be? Yes, it was *saltah*, which some call the national dish of Yemen. He could smell the brown meat stew, as well as the *sahawiq* (a mixture of chilies, tomatoes, garlic and herbs, ground into a salsa). He followed the smell and then started to hear music.

He came across a small building, and when he looked inside the window, he saw the familiar site of an Islamic Zikr. A group of men were in concentric circles, swaying back and forth, stomping their feet in rhythm, chanting like people possessed. They were just coming to the end of the chant. And then they spaced out and began Sufi whirling.

Al-Houthi followed the Zaidiyyah branch of Shia Islam. So while he was familiar with Zikr and whirling, the Zaydīs believed that the imam receives religious knowledge through learning rather than through divine designation. Thus, reasoning is prioritized over mysticism. And chanting and whirling definitely fell into the mysticism camp.

While his head was telling him these things, his heart was going down a different path. As the men began to whirl, his heart began to resonate with them. And suddenly he was transported into the most profound memory. Of himself, dressed in ceremonial Sufi garb, whirling in the center of a group of whirlers. In his mind he knew he had never done this before in this life, but the memory was so crystal clear. If he had been a Hindu, he would have recognized this as a past life memory.

And then, spontaneously, outside of the window, he began to whirl himself. And he knew just how to begin and just where to place his hands and feet. And he began spinning faster and faster, staying totally centered and not getting dizzy. It was as if he had done this a hundred, no, a thousand times before. After what seemed like a very long time, he slowly slowed the pace of turning, until finally he gracefully came to a halt.

It was just then that he noticed a man standing beside him, smiling knowingly.

"Excuse me," said al-Houthi, "I, I hope I didn't disturb you."

"No. Not at all. Would you like to come in?"

"Um, I don't know, well, maybe..."

"We are about to serve lunch. We are graced with a special guest from Yemen who has prepared..."

"*Saltah*. Yes. I smelled it from two blocks away. It is what drew me here!"

"Well, then, you must join us! Please."

The two men went inside, as the host said, "My name is Shaykh Fadhlalla Haeri. I am the leader of this little group of worshippers."

"I am..." he almost used his real name, then remembered, "I am Faisal Qasim."

"Good to meet you Faisal."

They sat down to eat. The man next to Faisal was an older gentlemen, with a long white beard. He said, "You are very lucky to have stumbled into Shaykh Haeri. He is a special one."

"Really? Tell me more."

"He is a Sufi sheikh. As a businessman many years ago, he established several manufacturing firms in the Middle East, primarily in the oil industry. He has been a religious teacher for more than 20 years and has written many books on Islam. He currently lives in the Republic of South Africa, but he travels to offer workshops around the world. He also went to the United States to establish a spiritual foundation, the Zahra Trust, for education about Islam."

"Ah, he has a presence in the United States?"

"Yes."

Just then Haeri approached them. "So Faisal, what brings you to Davos? The World Economic Forum?"

"Yes. I am interested in the current thinking about the Ukraine war."

"I see. Well, let me save you some time and confusion. The book *The Celestine Prophecy* puts it nicely: all conflict is a struggle for energy. We unconsciously compete for energy from other people and this competition underlies all conflicts. "

"Do you mean oil and gas?"

"No no. Divine energy. After all is said and done, once our basic needs are met, what we really want is to feel filled with the Divine energy of existence. We want to feel Loved: immersed in godly love."

Al-Houthi remembered his experiences from last night. The bliss he felt. The total contentment. Perhaps not all of it was a dream.

Haeri continued, "In the moments I have been blessed with this fulfillment, I have felt utterly content, free, and desireless. Loved and loving. In short, I have been free of conflict, both inner and outer."

"So you are saying..."

"I am saying, if you want to end the war in Ukraine, you must create the conditions for every citizen to have their basic needs met, but much more, to find ways to fill themselves up with Divine Love, and then to share this Love with each other!"

"But to do this -- even the most basic parts of it -- the leaders must stop the physical violence immediately. This is the first precondition, and it is so obvious, I cannot believe any leader, anywhere, has missed it."

Haeri stared into al-Houthi's eyes with an intense combination of fierceness and godly Love. It was like his stare penetrated into the depths of his being. What in Allah's name has been going on?! He felt himself starting to break apart, and just then the white-bearded man next to him positioned himself behind him, wrapped his arms around him, and drew him to his chest. He

hugged him and held him, as Haeri placed his hand upon al-Houthi's chest. And again, he felt himself fill up with bliss, just as he had when that ET had beamed him full of.... In his dream.... No wait it could not have been a dream ... it was so real....

And then his mind just stopped, and he fainted.

When he came to, he was still in the arms of the older man. And Haeri was seated in front of him, but a few feet back. And his gaze had softened - and he smiled gently at him.

Al-Houthi said, "I... I don't know what happened. I need to get out of here..."

"You can go, of course, you are free to do as you wish. But please, just rest for a few moments. Have a cup of tea. I don't want you to get dizzy or anything on your way out."

So al-Houthi moved to the corner of the room, found a chair, and just slumped there, digesting all what had happened.

January 25th. End of day, with Mike Goldman.

What an incredible twenty four hours it had been! After my time in Monte Verità, we drove back, and I've simply been on fire. I've been attending panels, and writing up a storm, and talking to many different people about many different subjects.

The solar flares have continued, and I am convinced they are impacting all of us, both locally and worldwide. I can't believe how many people I have run into who have had trouble sleeping; who have been shaking and sweating in their beds; who have been having wild nightmares, and more! And then there are the Sadhguru meditations, which have been going so deep.

And I overhead Mike Wirth talking to Joe Harris, and Donnie King talking to Ethan Brown: I mean what the heck is going on here?

Could it be that things are finally starting to shift?!?!!!!!

January 26th. WEF panel.

"Our next presenter is the owner of Rajby Industries, Nafees Sultan. Please give him a warm welcome."

Mr. Sultan took the stage. "Thank you for giving me this platform to speak."

"I would like to talk about our Beluga textile, the first ever Cradle to Cradle Platinum Level Certified textile product.

"Cradle to Cradle is a set of design principles which was developed in the 1990s. It describes the safe and potentially infinite circulation of materials and nutrients in cycles. All constituents used in all products are chemically harmless and recyclable. Waste as we know it today and which is generated according to the pre-existing 'cradle to grave' model will no longer exist; it will be replaced by only reusable nutrients.

"Consumables like natural fibers, cleaning agents or biodegradable packaging circulate in a biological cycle resulting in their ability to be easily reused. They turn into compost or other materials which are in turn used to make new products. In this way, old products do not turn into waste but rather into 'nutrients' for a new product.

"Consumer goods such as electronic items or flooring circulate in a technical cycle. These products are already optimized during the design and manufacturing process as material resources for their next service life as new products. Components can be sorted according to their constituent materials after use and then reintroduced to a new technical cycle. In so doing, a high materials quality is maintained and downcycling can be prevented. [10]

"To reach C2C Platinum certification, we had to look at every aspect of our production and design, to make sure we met the stringent requirements. First, we had to design a fabric made entirely of safe and rapidly renewable ingredients, both fibers and chemicals. This means that no oil-based dyes, auxiliaries, or other chemicals could be used for this product.

"Next, the product must be actively cycled. Since Rajby does not sell products to the end consumer, the company had to work with one of its key clients to ensure that Beluga will be actively cycled into a new product after its usable lifetime, instead of becoming waste. The Dutch retail brand C&A had an active role in gathering the required data to ensure that this fabric will be a part of its takeback system.

"In order to meet the Platinum level standard for water stewardship Rajby designed a new system to recover all water used in the Beluga process, to ensure complete reuse. Finding a system which worked took several tries.

"With regards to energy usage, in addition to quantifying the amount of energy used by Rajby to make Beluga at the final manufacturing stage and offsetting 100% of this energy expenditure, the company also reached out to its supply chain to obtain first-hand information on the carbon footprint of the product upstream. The carbon emissions from the upstream companies' activities were partially offset by Rajby, as an additional requirement to meet Platinum level certification.

"Outside of the Platinum product certification, Rajby also has progressive social objectives aiming to have a more inclusive workforce and provide opportunities to minorities in their community.

"All of these changes taken together were enough to earn us the Cradle to Cradle Platinum Certification." [11]

Mr. Sultan was met with a loud round of applause. Donnie King thought to himself, "Well if he can do it, why can't we all?"

"In closing I would like to invite you to take note of the website on the screen. The link is <http://www.c2c-centre.com/products>. At the time of this presentation there are 742 products with some level of Cradle to Cradle certification, in many different industries. This shows that it IS possible for all of us to move to a closed loop design and production process. Thank you for your time and attention."

January 25th. Later in the day.

Abdul al-Houthi rested in Haeri's presence for an hour or so, and then he bid him farewell. As he wandered out into the streets of Davos, he could barely walk a straight line. Everything natural was shimmering: the trees, the flowers, the plants. And as he walked past each pedestrian on the sidewalk, he could see a radiant glow in their eyes. It was psychedelic: there was no other word for it.

And there was another aspect to the experience: there was this felt sense of inter-connectedness. Like, it wasn't just that he was still glowing from his experiences, or that the little child he just passed was glowing as well, but rather that there was a connection between them. And things were so delicate. If he blinked his eyes, he could see it register on the other person's face. If he stumbled when he was a few meters away from someone, they too would stumble a bit. There was some "ether" which connected him to all things, and in each moment he could directly see how his actions and gestures, no matter how small, affected others.

To be clear, this was not al-Houthi thinking about some religious teaching. He was **seeing** the multi-level happenings in each moment. He could **see** them!

When he got back to the hotel, he sat down on his bed. He took out his notebook and flipped through the pages. He had written about choosing actions in Yemen which could bleed out into neighboring countries such as Oman or Djibouti. Of course he could! **Every** action he chooses bleeds out and affects others. Choosing to continue the war with the existing Yemeni government is sending out waves of violent energy around the world; hell, perhaps even across the galaxy! And choosing to find a way to address his grievances - his people's grievances - the people who he cares so much about - who he loves even - without resorting to physical violence also ripples out.

He took a deep breath and let it out as a great sigh of relief. His heart had broken open. He could see the new direction of his life. He fell back on his bed and slipped into a deep sleep.

January 26th. WEF panel.

After attending a 10 am panel on international conflict resolution, al-Houthi approached one of the presenters.

"I need a couple of minutes of your time, sir."

"Absolutely."

"I have the ear of Abdul Al-Houthi in Yemen."

"Really?"

"Yes. And I believe I can convince him to choose peace. But I need an on-ramp for him. A way in."

"Thank you so much for asking. You could begin by citing some of the text from a recent UN press release. I can pull it up here." He tapped a few keys on his iPad, and then continued, " For example, there is this: 'Hans Grundberg, Special Envoy of the Secretary-General for Yemen, said that the country is experiencing the longest period of relative calm yet in this ruinous war, with food, fuel and other commercial ships flowing into Hudaydah. He pointed to the recent agreement reached in Switzerland - under the auspices of the UN and the International Committee of the Red Cross - to release almost 900 conflict-related detainees from all sides. 'The emotional scenes of the detainees being released over the last few days demonstrated the power of peaceful negotiations,' he said, noting that the release operations reunited hundreds of Yemeni families."

"Yes, I understand. This is good. Can you send me a link to that release?"

"Certainly - let's exchange contact info before we leave."

"What else?"

"Well, one piece of low hanging fruit, which I think many parties could agree to, is to allow unfettered humanitarian access to all areas of the country, so that the United Nations, donors and local authorities can work together to effectively address the needs of all of the people in Yemen."

"Good. Thank you. What else?"

"It would be helpful if the Houthis could cease the military escalations in Marib and Shabwa and the targeting of senior 'Government of Yemen' officials in Taiz."

"Yes, of course, Marib and Shabwa. So - do you think if the leaders of the Houthis were to approach their adversaries with some of these as discussion starters, things might progress?"

"Yes in all honesty I do."

"Alright - thank you very much for your time."

"Good day, sir."

January 26th. The AlpenGold Hotel.

Rocco and Kayden had spent the last 24 hours reflecting on their new experiences. They were talking about creating a production company together which made sacred sexuality videos, much like Roxy Fox had done. The focus of the content could shift from superficial sex acts to genuine connections between individuals, exploring themes of trust, vulnerability, and deep emotional intimacy. The explicitness could remain, but it could be infused with a sense of respect and reverence for the human experience. And they talked about approaching Roxy, to see if she wanted to merge her work with theirs.

In addition, they discussed offering in-person sacred sexuality workshops like the one which had just ended. Kayden said to Rocco, "So many of your viewers come to the porn conferences, and want to 'have sex with a porn star.' Well, let's give them more than they could possibly imagine! And -- while there won't be huge profits, this is a money making opportunity for you."

He said, "We could hold workshops all over the country, sponsored by PornHub, which would give them great brand recognition."

Kayden replied, "Yes! Let's find all of the Astiko's in the USA -- I know there are dozens - and put them to work!"

"Right. And at end of each of our new videos, heck, at the end of all of our videos, we could put a link to a list of the retreats. So people see the link in big type, and they can click it just below."

"Perfect!"

And the brainstorming continued well into the night.

January 26th. 3 pm, the AlpenGold Hotel.

Miguel, Donnie, Ethan, and Mike Goldman were sitting in the hotel bar, talking things over.

Donnie was talking. "So what I am saying is that it is time to end the farming of cows and chickens. And fishing too. This of course is a huge bias towards the non-harmfulness and eco-sensibility of vegetarianism."

Miguel said, "I can't believe I am hearing you say this."

Mike said, "None of us can."

Ethan said, "Look, you are not telling anyone what they should eat. You are simply changing the nature of the products which you are putting on the market."

Ethan Brown, the CEO and founder of Beyond Meat, had been down this thought-path before. Beyond Meat was a producer of plant-based meat substitutes founded in 2009. The company went public in 2019, becoming the first plant-based meat analogue company to appear on a stock market.

Mike said, "Right. But if you need to justify your actions, you could fall back on the Mahavira argument. Mahavira was a Jaina enlightened master, who would not even walk on grass, because it was doing violence to the grass. He would say (in my words) when consciousness is high, it is simply impossible to harm animals and fish. 'First, do no harm' when applied to living on earth has to include don't harm animals and fish, if you can sustain yourself in other ways."

Donnie said, "Alright. So Tyson Foods simply decides to stop selling meat - regardless of what the customers say they want. I make a statement: 'I can no longer be the head of an organization which daily practices the mass slaughter of sentient beings. Now, I love a burger as much as the next guy. And so I want to introduce you to my new best friend.' "

And Donnie looks at Ethan.

"Really?"

"Yes, Ethan. I want you at my side when I make this announcement. I want to find a way to work with you, to bring your meatless meat products out via our distribution chain. I have tasted them, and they really do satisfy the craving for meat."

"You know, I have my own problems with some vegans and vegetarians. They say our recipe is not clean enough."

"Well, clean it up! Address their concerns. We need to move forward on this. I can't wait another week to shut down our slaughter houses. It's like I can hear the screams of every cow that is killed."

Miguel asked, "What about the job loss? And the investment in the physical plant? And the rebellion which is bound to come from your Board and shareholders? They will certainly try to oust you."

Ethan said, "One of the things we discussed was offering to our customers low-cost personal trainers and nutritionists. We are not forcing anyone to do anything, but we do want to maximize the sale of our new products. Our idea was to retrain the slaughter house workers to become trainers and nutritionists. And of course this will help them get into shape as well, if that is needed."

Miguel said, "Michelle Obama tried to do this with regards to obesity... how do you reach hundreds of millions of people and get them to change?"

Mike said, "Making these changes will be hard -- there will be all kinds of cravings. But if the leaders of the food community unite, and provide support resources, and change the products which they make easily available to people, then slowly slowly people will be able to make healthy changes."

Mike continued, "And as far as the boardroom politics go... I have a feeling you are moving during a very unique moment of history." He didn't go into the solar flares, but he was thinking of them. "This might sound airy-fairy, but stand in your new-found knowing, move clearly and directly, and watch as things fall into place. You might be surprised how many people around you have been thinking and feeling similar things, but have been afraid to speak them publicly." And then Mike looked at Miguel, as if to say, what about Kraft?

Miguel took a deep breath, and then said, "Well Donnie, you won't be going down this road alone. I've already talked to several people at Kraft. We are going to be looking at all of our products, across all of our brands, with an eye towards dramatically reducing the salt sugar fat content. We are going to move towards fresh fruits, veggies and organics. And we are going to research transportation and distribution and storage and packaging models which allow us to do this."

Donnie said, "Fantastic!"

Miguel continued, "And we'd like to partner with you on providing and marketing the low-cost diet coaching and personal trainer campaigns."

"Done!"

Mike said, "I want to write a feature-length story on your moves. Heck, I want to write a dozen stories!"

"Of course," all three of them said in unison.

And so it was.

January 26th. Midnight, exactly.

A new product listing appeared on Amazon, Ebay, and many other retail websites. It was a pendent, created by SpaceX, which had the property of being able to balance a person's energy field. Part of the text on the listing read, "Starlink is up and running, and many other companies have launched 1,000s of satellites which beam down EMFs of various frequencies and strengths. And there are numerous sources of EMFs on the ground too, cell phone towers being among the obvious examples."

"For a long time, our company has neither confirmed nor denied the effects that these EMFs have on people's energy and auric fields. But no longer. After months of work in a lab deep inside an underground facility in the back corner of SpaceX's Boca Chica, Texas location, we are ready to release our "X-Pendant." Simply wear it around your neck, and you will immediately notice your energy begin to shift. A sense of well-being, balance, nourishment, and contentment will descend upon you instantly. It will help keep your energy clean and flowing and healthy."

"We are not some woo-woo New Age outfit. We understand the science of EMFs and energies and auras. And now is the right time to add to the harmony and well-being of human consciousness. In short, now is the time when those who know, do speak."

Six Months Later. Moscow, Russia.

Vladimir Putin was sitting in his office sipping a cup of tea when Nikolai Patrushev, one of his top advisors, entered the room.

"Did you see the news about Yemen? They have signed a comprehensive peace accord, effectively immediately."

Putin looked up in surprise.

"Sir - if these madmen can do it, perhaps it is time for us to enter into good-faith negotiations with Zelensky."

And who knows - was it the solar flares, which although they slowed down in frequency, still did continue to beam down extremely low frequency radiation on Moscow and everywhere else, or was it the 100th monkey syndrome enhanced by the Schumann resonance, or was it the groups of meditators dotted around the globe creating spheres of heart energy which rippled out, or was it that the political calculus of the moment dictated a change, or was it simply that common sense won the day - but Putin looked up and surprised Nikolai, but more, surprised himself, as he listened to these words come out of his mouth:

"Yes. It is time."

Four. Simple. Words. Uttered by a person seated in a particular place. That was all it took. A phone call was made. A meeting location and time were set. And two weeks later a cease fire was signed into law. Two weeks after that, all of the grievances of both sides had been addressed in writing. Because when people set their minds and hearts to it, and come together in good faith, and look deeply at what they want and what they need, solutions can be found and agreed to and enacted.

Ten Years Later. All over planet earth.

Where to begin?

- * The world-around automation of many jobs did in fact happen. Governments all over the world instituted Universal Basic Incomes (UBI).

- * All social media sites now had "off hours:" eight hours per night. Also, just as they pushed ads every three to four posts, they now are required to push announcements for community events - dance, drumming, church gatherings, and so forth - to get people out of their homes and connecting, because the UBI tended to isolate people.

- * The implementation of AI was dramatically slowed, and much more testing had been done.

- * A huge amount of research dollars have been put into so-called "alternative" medicine modalities (acupuncture, kinesiology, homeopathy, and so forth). Many results show how effective these techniques are, and in what circumstances, and combined with which Western medicines. A great merging of Eastern and Western medicine has unfolded, which led to dramatic movement toward optimal health for many people.

- * In politics in the Western democracies, we still had elected representatives, but by law they have to take into account the online votes of their constituents, issue by issue. So when a bill comes up, citizens had to show basic proficiency on the issue (by passing a little test). If they pass they can vote online, and then within certain parameters the elected official needed to factor in the results of the vote, in their vote.

- * The food industry had undergone a radical transformation. The other meat companies followed Tyson Foods' lead, and there was no more mass produced meat on the market. If a person wanted to eat beef, they needed to find a cow, kill it, butcher it, and prepare it themselves. Some people did hunt deer for venison. But if a person wanted to eat meat, chicken or fish they needed to be directly involved with the entire process.

There had been a dramatic reduction in processed foods on the market, and the salt/sugar/fat items had been dramatically reduced. And there had been a huge increase in the consumption of super-foods and all kinds of high-standard supplements. All of this taken together had dramatically reduced the prevalence of obesity, and many people had taken great strides towards optimal health. People who demonstrated that they are taking steps in this direction received reduced health insurance premiums.

- * Small plots of land had been found in areas with homeless populations, and small modular dwellings were erected. No one sleeps on the street anymore.

- * Most of the "Big Pharma" companies had addressed in earnest some of the biggest complaints about them. Drug prices on average had come down, and accessibility had gone up. Priorities to develop drugs which address genuine public health needs had increased, over purely profit-

making drugs. The practice to fight for long-term patents on new drugs had dropped away, helping generics come into the market sooner, and therefore helping with cost. And the companies had responded well to the opioid crisis around the world.

* There had been a world-around end to war. Multi-lateral peace treaties had been signed in Ukraine, Afghanistan, Ethiopia, South Sudan, Syria, and of course Yemen. It simply became obvious to everyone that we needed to find non-physically-violent ways to resolve our conflicts. Period.

There are some indications that the friendly extraterrestrials had begun interacting with us again, and we were benefitting greatly from their assistance.

* The solar Africa project was up and running. It was simply remarkable. It was incredible to watch the nations and corporations of the world come together and mobilize and design and build this massive public works project so quickly. And when it came online, voila!, the power flowed from the Great Sahara Desert out through the new transmission lines to every corner of the globe. Rural villages in Germany and large cities in the United States were lit up from the power of the sun. And virtually overnight every coal plant and nuclear plant was shut down.

All of the gas-powered vehicles had been replaced by electric vehicles. The car companies really stepped up to produce the E-vehicles needed. Think of it: every single gas station in the world was closed down, either for good or for retooling into a charging station. The vast majority of oil producing and processing plants were closed. We still used plastics, so there was still a need for some oil.

People quickly recognized that the current constituents of the car batteries were not in abundance. It took about five years for the scientists to invent a new battery which used much more common and easily-obtainable materials. And the design and production process of the new E-vehicles and batteries is one hundred percent cradle to cradle, so when a battery reached the end of its life, it was shipped back to the factory and disassembled. And the materials were cleaned up and re-used in the next battery production run.

* Because all the nations had signed peace treaties, they had all redirected a massive percentage of their military budgets towards building the Africa solar facility and related technologies.

Mike Wirth was instrumental in making this happen, contacting many of the weapons purchasers at various governments and asking for the re-direction of funds. He also worked with the weapons manufacturers, helping them to re-tool and re-train.

Mike and Julie continued to have awesome sex and tremendous intimacy as well.

* A dramatic investment had been made into electric public transportation, as well as communities buying small groups of cars, and then using sign-up apps for reserving them: all resulting in a dramatic reduction in the use of personal cars. This of course required incentives, and the last mile transport took a lot of investment. The fact that most everyone now wears one of Space-X's energy pendants means that in general people felt much safer in large groups.

* Ten years ago a major study found that 21.8% of U.S children ages 3-17 had one or more of the common mental, emotional, and behavioral health conditions. Twenty one point eight percent! In addition, many of those affected faced relational risks (for example substance abuse among family members) and / or social risks (for example economic hardship). In the past ten years most people in the mental health fields recognized the thinking put forth in this study: that what is happening in the relational and social domain has a direct effect on an individual child's behavior and well-being. Furthermore, they had been looking at their diagnostics: if 21% of children in a society are "mentally ill," what does that say about the labeling and definitions being used? Furthermore, roughly 8-10% of U.S. children at the time were being treated with psycho-pharmacological drugs for their "illnesses." Nowadays people have recognized that if one in ten children needs drugs to make it through their day, there must be something very wrong in their day: ie, the structures of public school, uses of technology, diet, exercise, connections with family and friends, and so forth, had been deeply looked into. [12]

* It's not that staring at an attractive woman in a supermarket was made illegal, but rather that we all now acknowledge that it is a mild form of violence. Most of us now see that lust is a mal-nourished person trying to vampirically suck a woman's energy. And this sucking is violent. And we are all human, and therefore imperfect, and we got better at laughing about it and expressing it in the moment and playing with it and dancing with it.

* There was a dramatic shift from competitive sports (all of them; not just the violent ones) to cooperative activities -- think New Games and Outward Bound. And athletic cheerleading for that matter. And partnered yoga. And ballroom dancing. There were lots of ways to get exercise in a group without setting up a competitive framework.

* It became in vogue for everyone to stop and spend a part of their day connecting with the down trodden among us. You could often overhear something like, "Well, why aren't you working? There are jobs. Are you sick? Depressed? Injured? I don't understand. What do you need?"

Every single person in the community spent time with someone -- weaving the bonds of the community tighter -- so that truly no one got left behind. Because it became obvious that when one person is homeless for example it is a failure of the community, not just of the individual, just as family systems psychology recognizes that when a son or daughter gets manic, it is as much a reflection of the family dynamics as it is of the individual's state of mind.

* To Kayden's and Rocco's amazement, the new porn content struck a chord with a surprising number of viewers. Many who had previously indulged in Brazzers' explicit material found themselves moved by the profound messages and emotional depth present in the sacred sexuality films. The studio gained a new audience, and its reputation transformed from that of a mere adult entertainment company to a place of enlightenment and exploration.

AVN gave them many awards over the years, and helped them spread the word. Over time, more and more people in the porn industry embraced the vision, and some even underwent transformative experiences in their personal lives. The change was not without its challenges, as

it faced criticism and resistance from certain quarters. Still, the believers remained steadfast in their mission.

As the years passed, the ripple effect of the transformation reached far beyond its own walls. Other adult entertainment companies took note, and a movement towards conscious sensuality began to emerge in the industry, and in the world at large. The power of sacred sexuality content to awaken the soul and heal fractured perspectives on intimacy became undeniable.

In the end, Kayden and Rocco and Roxy served as inspiring examples of how a group of individuals, led by their passions and guided by a wise soul or two, could spark change and elevate an entire industry. And so, the once notorious adult entertainment company found redemption in the sacred embrace of human connection, leaving a legacy that went beyond the confines of film and into the hearts and Beings of those touched by its vision.

Epilogue - by the author.

In the opening of the book I talked about the story which destroyed Mike Goldman's life. And I said, "more on that later."

Well, it is later now. But with all that has happened, it doesn't feel like the right moment to share about it.

If you think me saying this is just a way to prepare the ground for Volume 2 of this little yarn I have been spinning, well then, perhaps you are on to something...

Or perhaps I am simply better at keeping secrets than I and you all thought...

About the Author

What is vital to say? I have worked in the arts, technology, and business. I am a OneTaste certified life coach. I spent nine visibly active years and nineteen years on top of that in a school of meditation. You can find more of my work on two blogs:

[Exquisite Attention Coaching](#)

[Musings of a Disciple](#)

I can be reached at foundpra at yahoo dot com.

Love.



Citations

[1] <https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC8296239/>

[2] The last example appears to be from Lesson 3, Section 2 of the online course "Principles of Epidemiology," although the specific source for the text is not cited. This course is offered by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC).

[3] <https://www.investopedia.com/articles/personal-finance/010715/worlds-top-10-oil-companies.asp>

[4] Speech written by ChatGPT 3.5, with the prompt, "Write the 'Welcoming Remarks' for the next World Economic Forum, in the style of Klaus Schwab (the founder of the World Economic Forum)." Edits by the author.

[5] Portions of this dialogue written by ChatGPT 3.5.

[6] https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kraft_Heinz

[7] <https://www.mic.com/articles/88015/what-happens-to-your-brain-on-sugar-explained-by-science>

[8] Portions of this section were written by ChatGPT 3.5, with major edits by the author.

[9] Many of the facts above taken from <https://www.forbes.com/sites/quora/2016/09/22/we-could-power-the-entire-world-by-harnessing-solar-energy-from-1-of-the-sahara/?sh=342f37c8d440> and https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7OpM_zKGE4o

[10] Much of this was taken from <https://epea.com/en/about-us/cradle-to-cradle>

[11] Much of this information was taken from <https://ecointelligentgrowth.net/beluga-c2c-certified-platinum/>

[12] <https://publichealth.jhu.edu/2022/study-reveals-fourfold-range-in-rates-of-mental-health-problems-among-us-children-based-on-relational-and-social-risks#:~:text=The%20study%20found%20that%2C%20overall,and%20behavioral%20health%20conditions%20assessed.>